

THE

WYREATH





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

el
75

Miriam M. Chapin

Presented by her mother on her
fourteenth birth day













Cassiod

Sartan

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

THE
IVY WREATH.

BY

MRS. HUGHS,

AUTHOR OF "BUDS AND BLOSSOMS," "AUNT MARY'S TALES,"

"ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," ETC. ETC.

WITH BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA:

LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849,

BY LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA:

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER,

19 St. James Street.

TO MY YOUNG READERS.

FULL many a year, from youthful pride
To this late hour, I've striven,
And every wily effort tried,
The young and ductile mind to guide,
And lead it up to Heaven.

And oft it is my joyful part,
To see the human twig
Receive the lessons I impart,
And cling with fondness to my heart,
Like a young ivy sprig.

Sweet is the thought, that thus my pen
The mother's task can aid,
In forming hearts, in which the ken
Of keenest eye may search, and then
Descry no dark'ning shade.

And now, once more, have I been called
The enticing tale to weave,
To show how vice soon stands appall'd,
And virtue, howsoe'er enthrall'd,
Not long is left to grieve.

And at that call I've grouped for you,
Ye young and opening flowers,
A moral wreath, and dipped in dew,
Pure as Castalian fount e'er threw
O'er amaranthine bowers ;

Of moral blossoms of the mind,
Bright, fragrant, and serene,
In Heaven itself their roots you'll find,
And branching out to all mankind,
They'll bloom for ever green.

And should this effort be repaid
With your approving breath,
Soon shall succeeding ones be made,
And a fresh group of flowers be laid,
On a new IVY WREATH.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
ADDRESS TO MY YOUNG READERS,	11
THE YOUNG SAILOR,	17
HOLIDAYS IN THE COUNTRY,	65
GENEROSITY,	101
THE YOUNG ARTIST,	133
THE TWO PETS,	171

LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

ILLUMINATED TITLE,
FROM AN ORIGINAL DESIGN BY DEVEREUX.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL, BY SARTAIN.

Page.

THE SAILOR BOY,.....ROSSITER,.....	FRONTISPIECE.
LEARNING TO RIDE,.....ROSSITER,	64
THE YOUTHFUL READER,.....ROSSITER,	100
THE YOUNG ARTIST,.....ROSSITER,	132
THE TWO PETS,.....A. EICHHOLTZ,	176



THE YOUNG SAILOR.

ON one of those cold, raw days, so frequent in England, even after the summer is pretty far advanced, an elegant travelling equipage was seen wheeling across the bleak barren waste called Alaston Moor, in the northwestern extremity of the island. The only person in the inside of the vehicle was a lady, who though no longer to be called young, had not yet outlived the loveliness which nature had originally stamped on her beautiful face, and as she kept putting her head out of the carriage window, and gazing at the heath-clad hills, at the foot of which the road now began to wind, a tinge of tender melancholy gave additional interest to her fine expressive countenance. "Yes, though so cold and dreary, I love you still, my dear native hills;" she exclaimed, with a burst of natural feeling; "and would not exchange your rich purple heather, for all the luxuriant

vines that clothe the cloud-capped mountains I have so lately left. They are beautiful and grand, but you have a charm which makes its way more closely to the heart, for you speak of home, and tell of those early days when sorrow was unknown. I left you, many years ago, a young and joyful bride, with the anticipations of a happy future to gladden my path, and the hope of soon revisiting you, and my fondly doating parents; but, alas! I now return with a widowed heart, and after weeping over the graves of husband and children, seek the scenes of my early years, though they, who once gave charms to the spot, are no longer here to fold me in their paternal embrace. Still, however, I have duties to perform, for those who, till lately, partook of their benevolence, are now left to my care; and my enjoyment in life for the future, must be in faithfully discharging the office assigned to me." Scarcely had she breathed these words, (for she could hardly be said to speak them,) when her eye was caught by a very young boy, evidently not above eight years old, seated on the sheltered side of the hill, with a sort of plaid or coarse blanket rolled about him, so as to cover

all but his eyes and one hand, in which he held a small book, that he was poring over with such earnestness as to be wholly unconscious of the approach of the carriage. Struck with the novel sight of a student among the natives of these wilds, the lady pulled the check-string, and the horses were immediately stopped, when she put forward her head and called the little fellow to come to her. At the sound of her voice, the boy raised his head with a start, and threw the plaid back. As he did so, he discovered a face of perfect loveliness, and one to which we utterly despair of doing justice. Its form was of the finest oval, and his features might have been moulded for a sculptor to study, so nice were their proportions and so delicate their outlines. His large, full, and beautifully formed eyes, were of that clear deep gray in which is generally found so happy a union of softness and spirit. If there could be a fault found in his appearance, it was in the almost whiteness of his hair, but it was luxuriant and wavy, whilst his childish age gave promise of its soon acquiring a deeper hue. The proportions of his body were in harmony with those of his face, and, as he came forward obedient to

the lady's summons, divested of his coarse mantle, she acknowledged to herself, that in all her travels, she had never met a with finer or more engaging specimen of childish beauty.

"What are you studying so closely, my little man?" she asked in a tone of kind encouraging familiarity, as the child came near the carriage door.

"I am trying to learn to read, my lady;" replied the boy respectfully, and in an exceedingly sweet tone of voice.

"*Trying* to learn," repeated the gentle traveller; "you surely don't expect to learn without a teacher?"

"Oh no! my lady, I've had a teacher, for Uncle Andrew, the last time he was here, brought me this Read-may-desy;" and as the boy spoke he held up the juvenile school-book, so well known by the title of Reading made easy; "and he learned me my a-b-abs, and said I must make out as much more as I could, by myself, till he came back."

"And when will that be?"

"He said he thought he would be back in three or four months, for he's a pether, and he expected

his pack would be empty by that time, and he would be on his way to Paisley to get it filled again."

"And how much have you learned?"

"I can tell of, and to, and is, and in, and all the words that have only two letters, without spelling them, and most of them that have three!"

"Have you been studying all the morning as closely as you were doing just now?"

"No, my lady; I hadn't time to do that, for my step-mother gave me a task, to knit forty pearl of daddy's stocking, but I worked very hard to get it done, and have been at my book ever since."

"What is your name, my little fellow?" asked the lady, in a tone that proved her to be much interested in her new acquaintance.

"My name is William Robson, but everybody calls me White-haired Billy!"

"Are you the son of Thomas Robson?" asked the stranger, to whom early reminiscence seemed to occur.

"Yes, my lady, daddy's name is Tommy Robson."

"And who is this Uncle Andrew that you speak of?"

"Oh, he's not my right own uncle; he's only a

pether that always sleeps at our house when he comes this way, and he told me to call him uncle, and I like to do it, because he's so good to me. He always tells me about the far-off places he has been at; and he said if I would learn to read, he would bring me books that would tell me a great deal more about them than he could."

"Then you are very anxious to learn, of course?"

"Oh yes, my lady, I would rather study my book than eat my supper when I go home, however hungry I may be. But my stepmother won't let me look into a book when I'm at home, for she says there's no use in it."

"How long is it since you lost your own mother?"

"It's a long while since; I can only just remember how kind she was to me!" and as the poor little fellow spoke, his eyes filled with tears, which told at once the sad change he had found in her successor.

"Would you like to go to school, William?" asked the lady, kindly seeking to turn the current of the child's thoughts.

"Oh yes, my lady, I would rather go to school than ride in that fine coach, or wear such fine clothes as

them gentlemen have on ;” and he pointed to the footmen and postilions, whilst the lady smiled at his artlessness and simplicity. “But,” he added—and as he did so, his countenance, which had brightened at the thought of school, changed to a mournful expression—“that can never be.”

“Why not?”

“Because daddy would have nobody then to take care of the sheep !”

“But if the sheep could be taken care of without you, are you sure you would be a good, diligent boy at school ?”

“Oh yes,” replied the boy, whilst his eyes again sparkled, and his whole face beamed with delight at the thought ; “I’m sure I would, for I want so to learn to read. Uncle Andrew says if I could read, I might soon know a vast deal more than even he knows, and that would be a great deal, for oh, how wise he is ! You would wonder to hear the strange things he has told me. He once told me something that I can hardly believe, but yet everybody says that Uncle Andrew was never known to tell a lie !”

“And pray what was it that he told you?” asked the lady, smiling at the boy’s earnestness.

“Well he told me,” said the child with some little hesitation; “but perhaps he was only joking,” he continued, as if anxious to soften any apparent imputation on his friend’s veracity—“he said there were some folks in the world, that were as black all over their bodies, as a new shoe that has just been greased!” As the boy uttered these words, he looked up with an expression of apprehension into the face of his hearer, as if fearful that he had, by so strange a tale, injured Uncle Andrew in her good opinion.

“Well you may keep yourself easy, William,” returned the stranger with a gentle laugh, “about the truth of Uncle Andrew’s information, for I can assure you that he told you nothing but what is strictly true.”

“Oh how I would like to read about all such things,” said the child in a tone of earnest wishfulness.

“I will see to that, my little man. So earnest a desire for information shall not be left without the means of gratifying itself. Tell your father, when you go home at night, that ‘the Lady of the Bower’

wishes him to come up as soon as possible, to speak to her."

"The Lady of the Bower!" repeated the boy in extreme surprise.

"Yes, did you ever hear of her?"

"I have heard of the old 'Lady of the Bower,' that was good to everybody, but the young one they say, is far off in foreign countries."

"She was; but she is now here, and it is she that has been talking to you so long. You appear to be a good boy and anxious to improve yourself, and if I find you are really so, you may depend upon having a kind friend in me." So saying the lady gave orders to her servants to drive on, and her equipage was soon out of sight.

We flatter ourselves that the specimen we have now given of our little hero, has been sufficient to excite an interest in his future history in the minds of our young readers, though the limits assigned to us will not allow us to be very minute in our details of his proceedings, during the three years succeeding the return of 'the Lady of the Bower' to the home of her

youth, which introduced William to her knowledge, and brought him forward as the object of her especial care and attention. The first moment she saw him, she discovered strong marks of superior talents, as well as the most amiable dispositions, and she immediately determined to foster the buds which were opening so fair :

“Though poverty’s cold winds and piercing rains
Beat keen and heavy on his tender years.”

Arrangements were soon made for William to go to the nearest school, which offered any chance of his benefiting by the instruction he would receive there. It would have been a pleasure to his benevolent patroness, to send him at once to a higher seminary, as a boarder, but she was deterred by the fear that so sudden a transition might have an unfavourable effect upon his mind, and loosen those cords of filial affection, which ought ever to be held sacred, and engender feelings of pride and self-consequence, at finding himself raised so far above the rest of his family. She satisfied herself, therefore, with having him frequently at the hall during his hours of leisure, and keeping a

constant superintendence over him, and watching the progress he made in his studies. This she found to be far beyond her most sanguine expectations. His whole soul seemed to be engrossed with a love of learning, and of gaining a knowledge of the distant wonders, the description of which had so often entranced his young mind. We say that it engrossed his whole soul; but we would not be misunderstood that it did so, to the exclusion of the still more valuable affections of the heart. Poor William had hitherto had little around him calculated to fan the pure and holy flame of domestic love, for his father, though disposed to be a kind parent, was afraid to testify much tenderness towards his eldest child, as every exhibition of the kind was sure to excite the jealousy of his termagant wife, who never failed to revenge it upon the unoffending boy. Such behaviour in the mother, could hardly fail to produce corresponding conduct in the offspring, and consequently each child as it grew up, learned to treat the amiable and affectionate William as an enemy instead of a brother. Each one, however, whilst in a state of infancy, was an object of that brother's tenderness, and served to keep the power of

loving still alive in his gentle bosom. And happy was it for him that such was the case, for the drudgery of nursing the infants was always his portion, and would have been a most irksome one, had not affection sweetened the cup and changed the toil into a labour of love. Then too, Uncle Andrew, with his angel visits, called forth all the best feelings of the young boy's heart, at the same time that he incited him to mental improvement, and impressed upon his mind the principles of truth and virtue. But the appearance of this kind friend was both infrequent and uncertain, and William was often left without a single object to be kind to except his dog, or an occasional stray lamb; till "the Lady of the Bower" came, and, by her kind encouraging care, called forth all the finest feelings of his nature. Under her guidance and protection, William's life, which had hitherto been spent amidst the clouds and storms of domestic dissension, was converted into a soft and balmy sunshine; for even his cruel step-mother was awed into treating him with gentleness, from her fear of "the Lady of the Bower," under whom they held their farm.

In this manner three years passed over the head of

our little hero, and converted him into a tall, intelligent boy of eleven years old. His personal appearance had been rather improved than injured by the advance of years, especially as his hair, under the care of his patroness, had now become a beautiful auburn, whilst the countenance which had before only spoken of amiability and gentleness, now beamed with intelligence, ardour, and spirit. His fondness for reading had not only been indulged, but judiciously directed, and his eagerness to make himself acquainted with foreign parts gratified by a selection of the best books of travel. All, however, that he read only served to feed one predominant passion, which had held its sway over his breast "from the first dawn of thought,"—that of being himself a witness of the wonders that had taken so strong a hold of his imagination.

But a shadow now came over our young friend's happy life, and proved to him, even at that early period, that our course through this world is a chequered path, made up of lights and shades, and that the brightest sunshine is often succeeded by the darkest clouds. The first interruption to his happiness arose

from the evident decline of the health of his amiable patroness, which obliged her to seek a more genial climate than that of the bleak hills and barren moors of her native country. On leaving, she promised the almost inconsolable boy, that as soon as she returned from Portugal, whither she was going to spend the winter, and had fixed upon a place of residence in the southern part of England, she would send for him to join her there. In the mean time she left directions with his father for his regular attendance at school, the expenses of which her steward would defray, and would also supply him with all the clothes, books, and other useful articles that he might require. The parting between her and her little protégé was a truly affecting one; for William, who seemed to forebode some coming evil, though he tried to control his feelings, was unable to repress the swelling of his heart, at the thought that he was perhaps bidding farewell for ever to one of the best and kindest of friends.

This bitter trial was shortly after succeeded by another, which produced still more disastrous consequences to the poor boy; for his father was accident-

ally killed by the falling of an old building, and his destitute family was all at once left to depend upon the efforts of his widow alone. It may easily be imagined that, under these circumstances, all that she had to do for William was considered a hardship; and, as the steward who had been left by the Lady of the Bower, had always been jealous of the boy for having met with so much more favour than his own children, that in his eyes were quite as deserving, refused to extend any further indulgence than was contained in his instructions, poor William soon began to find his situation most distressing. One of the first things that the stepmother did was to dismiss the boy that had been engaged to tend the sheep in William's stead, and to oblige him to resume his old employment. This, however, would have been cheerfully submitted to by the poor boy had he been permitted to make his books his companions; but this was positively prohibited, and a long task of knitting imposed upon him instead. Nor was this all. When night came, and the sheep were all safely shut up in the fold, and William hoped he might indulge himself with reading, he was, instead, set to card wool, and

was so vigilantly watched at the employment that he had not a moment to himself. Sometimes, after a day's exposure to the cold air, the warmth of the fire would produce an irresistible drowsiness, but if the poor little fellow lost, for a moment, the recollection of his troubles in the sweet oblivion of sleep, a severe blow on his head soon restored him to consciousness, whilst the discordant voice of his stepmother rung in his ear as she exclaimed, "Now, may be you will keep awake! There would be no sleeping if you were at your useless books, but I wonder if they would feed you. Them that want to eat must be willing to work. I'll make you sure, I'm not going to feed an idle fine gentleman." William wrote several letters to his patroness begging to be permitted to come to her; but he had no other means of sending them, except through the steward; but no intimation of their having reached their destination ever arrived to relieve the poor boy's sufferings. Even Uncle Andrew had ceased his usual visits, for the excellent old man had now become incapable of travelling, and poor William had no hope but that which the

approach of spring gave him of the return of his patroness.

Spring, however, is often long of appearing, even after it has assumed the name; and William's cruel and tyrannical stepmother became every day more severe in her inflictions. The poor boy tried earnestly to bear with patience the hardships she imposed upon him; but hope deferred, we are told, maketh the heart sick, and he had looked so long for the appearance of the only person from whom he could expect relief, that he at length came to the resolution of leaving his home unknown to any one, and making his way, as he best could, to Newcastle, where he had often heard that vessels from various parts of the world are always to be found. He had no doubt of meeting with a ship bound for Lisbon, and was equally satisfied that it would not be a difficult thing to prevail upon the captain to give him a passage for the services he could render; for though young, he was strong and active, and as for willingness, no one, he was sure, would excel him in that. If once at Lisbon, he could not believe he would have any difficulty in finding the Lady of the Bower, for he would

seek out the largest and grandest house, and that would be sure to be hers. My young readers who have been accustomed to large cities will wonder at William's imagining he could so easily find out his patroness in such a place as Lisbon, but they must consider that we can only form an opinion of a thing by comparing it with another, and as the little fellow had never seen anything beyond the bleak moor on which he lived, on the borders of which were scattered a few poor hovels, he naturally imagined that the Hall of the Bower was a magnificent building, and that a similar one would easily be distinguished from those surrounding it. It is true he had read books of travels, but experience tells us how very poor a conception we are able to form of an object, even from the most lucid description, unless some other familiar one is presented to us for the purpose of comparison, and consequently William's idea of a large town was such as would be laughed at by a much younger child, that had been accustomed to a wider field of observation.

Convinced that he had viewed the subject on all sides, and given it mature deliberation, the young

adventurer set forth one clear moonlight night, after having crept softly out of the house, taking with him as large a bundle of his clothes as he thought he could carry, and eighteen pence in money, all that his step-mother had allowed him to retain of a present from the Lady of the Bower when she bade him goodbye. Full of hope and joyful anticipations he travelled across the barren moor he had so often before traversed, when seeking for his stray sheep, and frequently strengthening his resolution by repeating to himself that He who had said, "Feed my lambs," would not leave him to perish. But forty miles is a long way for such a child to travel, and he encountered many difficulties that his inexperience had never taken into consideration. His small sum of money was of course soon exhausted, his feet became swollen and inflamed, and he was often obliged to lie under hedges for days together before he could again put them to the ground. Besides, the season was too early for wild fruit, so that, when no longer able to do without food, though often supplied by the hand of charity, he was also frequently obliged to part with articles of clothing to relieve his urgent necessities. In this manner the

few things he had brought with him soon disappeared, and those he wore became so much in tatters that they would scarcely hang together. Still, however, the noble boy kept a good heart, and cheered his lonely way with the ballads with which the Scottish borders abound, and which his sweet voice enabled him to sing in no mean strain of melody. But, alas! his young frame was far from equal to the energy of his mind, and as he began to draw near his journey's end, he also began to feel that it would be impossible for him to go much farther. As soon as he reached Newcastle, he made his way with all the speed that his exhausted strength would allow, to the wharf, and looked with astonishment and admiration at the forest of masts which met his view. He had never before seen a ship, and he felt as if he could never tire of gazing at those wondrous ploughers of the mighty ocean. To be admitted into one of them, to become acquainted with its various parts, and to be borne by it to some of those lands of novelty and wonder on which his young imagination had so often pondered, was a delight almost too great for conception. The weakness and exhaustion produced by fatigue and

want of food soon impelled him to make application for admittance into a vessel which was announced, by a sign fastened to the mast, as loading for Cadiz. This was far from where he wished to go, but he could see none bound for a nearer port, and he flattered himself that if he could get to Spain he would soon be able to reach the desired point. He therefore stepped on board of the vessel, and going up to the man who appeared highest in authority, proffered his request, but was told they had already too much lumber such as he on board, and was desired to get out of the way. Thus repulsed, he returned to the wharf, and began to look amongst the other vessels for the next most likely one to take him to the wished-for haven; but in one after another he received the same or similar answers, till at last fear, for the first time taking possession of his young heart, he stood gazing around him, but almost without a consciousness of where he was, or what was his aim or object. The evening was beginning to close in, and the noise of drays and carts had almost ceased, and poor William began to feel that he was likely soon to be left alone in this lately crowded mart, which had a short

time before bewildered him with its bustle and confusion, whilst his exhausted strength almost led him to believe that his sufferings would be over before the dawn of another day. He saw a gentleman coming in the direction where he stood, and examined his countenance with great anxiety; and thinking he perceived the marks of good nature in his open countenance, he determined to speak to him, and crave protection for the night. Before the gentleman reached him, however, everything began to swim before his sight, then a cloud seemed to come over his eyes, and the next moment all was oblivion.

When William recovered his consciousness, he found himself stretched on a sofa in a handsome parlour, for the gentleman that he had observed approaching, had seen him fall, and taking him in his arms, had carried him into his own house, which was near at hand. The poor boy looked wildly round, and then as his recollection returned, he raised his eyes with an inquiring gaze to the face of the gentleman, who was standing over him with an expression of deep concern, whilst a lady, whose gentle countenance evinced her sympathy, was applying the usual

means for his recovery. A boy about his own age stood near, watching him with evident anxiety, and a sweet-looking little girl a few years younger, held a tumbler of water, which, as soon as she saw signs of returning animation, she applied to the poor boy's mouth. "He is better now, papa, don't you think he is?" she whispered gently. "He will not die, will he?"

"No, my dear, I hope not," replied her father; and then observing that William's consciousness had returned, he took his hand, and in a tone of the utmost gentleness said, "What was it that made you faint, my little man?"

In a voice scarcely articulate, William uttered the word, "Hunger!"

"Hunger!" repeated the gentleman in surprise; "why, where do you live? How far are you from home? You have no appearance of one in such necessity as to have fainted from hunger. Where is your home, my little boy?"

"I have no home!" replied the child in a weak and mournful voice. The gentleman paused and eyed the pale, emaciated, but highly interesting object that lay

before him, as if completely at a loss what to make of him. We have before said that the portion of William's clothes that he had been able to retain was very much torn, but though in a dilapidated state, the materials of which they were composed was of such a kind as to indicate the wearer's belonging to a superior class of society, for the Lady of the Bower, though she did not think it right to loosen the ties between father and son by taking him from his parent, had always provided his clothing, and having a natural pleasure in seeing the beautiful boy dressed in a becoming manner, she had furnished his wardrobe with no niggard hand. This circumstance of the superior texture of the articles of which his dress was composed, as well as the air of finish visible in the making of them, so ill accorded with the brief account he was able to give of himself, that the gentleman's benevolence was at fault, and he stood considering the probabilities of the case till called to recollection by the voice of his wife. She, with the true compassion of a woman's heart, though she, like her husband, suspected our little hero to have left a wealthy parent's house from some motive of pet or folly, and most

probably to have plunged a whole family in anxiety and misery, yet saw that whatever he might have inflicted on others, he was then a severe sufferer himself, and roused her husband from his reverie by saying, "You forget, my dear, that whilst trying to satisfy your curiosity about this poor boy's situation, that his present weakness requires immediate help. He must have something to give him more strength, before he is required to answer any more questions." But scarcely had she uttered these words, when her little daughter, who the moment William had pronounced the word hunger, had left the room, entered it, bringing a large plateful of meat, pie, bread and butter, and every variety of viands she could meet with in the pantry. Poor William cast a longing look at the food as she approached and offered it to him, but laying his hand on her shoulder her father exclaimed, "Stop, stop, my child, or you will kill the object of your benevolence with your kindness. This poor little boy's stomach is in too relaxed a state to receive more than a mouthful or two of solid food at a time; and that must be the lightest and most easily digested." He then took the plate from the hands of

the child, around whose neck her mother threw her arm, and pressed her towards her in expression of fond approbation, for her promptness in aiding the sufferer. After receiving a small quantity of light and nutritive food, which he eagerly swallowed, whilst his large eyes seemed almost to devour the very plate itself, he was made to swallow a few drops of wine and water, which gradually brought the colour to his cheek, and gave a little of its wonted animation to his almost lifeless countenance. "Now, my little boy," said the gentleman, after noticing with pleasure these signs of returning strength, and feeling as he viewed the interesting and beautiful object of his benevolence, the deepest sympathy for the supposed friends whom he had forsaken, "you are strong enough now to answer a few questions, and I want you to tell me where your relations are, that I may give them notice of your safety."

"I have no relations that care for me," replied William, the large tears starting to his eyes as he spoke; "I have only one friend in the world, and she is so far off, that I am afraid it will be hard for me to get to her."

“Have you been seeking for her?” asked his benevolent friend.

“Yes, sir, I have walked all the way from Alaston Moor, to try to get a ship to take me to Lisbon to her.”

“From Alaston Moor!” exclaimed the gentleman with surprise. “Why, my little fellow, that is my native place. What is your father’s name, for there can be little doubt that I know him.” The tears that had before trembled in William’s eyes now began to flow rapidly down his cheeks, as he spoke of the sad accident that had deprived him of his only remaining parent, (whom his host remembered perfectly,) and of the unhappy home that he had had from the time of his father’s death.

“And who is the friend that you expect to find in Lisbon?” asked Mr. Carville; for it is now full time we should give a name to one so well worthy of distinction.

“The Lady of the Bower,” answered William with animation. “She has clothed and educated me for more than three years past, and she promised me that if she did not return to the Bower, I should go to her.

If I could but get to Lisbon, I should be happy, for she is the best and kindest of friends."

Mr. Carville made no reply, but a deep sigh escaped his bosom, whilst his little girl whispered, "Wasn't it her death that you read about in the paper last night, papa?" Her father gave her a nod of assent, but motioned to her not to speak of it again, for he was afraid, in William's weak state, of the shock it would be to him to hear of the loss of his noble benefactress.

Having received small but frequent supplies of food, William soon became strong enough to sit up, and when able to balance himself once more on his feet, Mrs. Carville suggested his having the refreshment of a good washing, on which her son, who had hitherto stood by a silent but sympathizing observer of all that passed, proposed taking him to his room, and supplying him with a change of clothes, to which his father and mother both readily assented. William's simple narrative, and the unequivocal marks of feeling that had accompanied it, had succeeded in gaining their entire confidence, and Mr. Carville, who felt that he had been thrown by Providence into his

hands, to supply the place of the patroness he had lost, determined at once that the appeal to his humanity should not be made in vain.

When our little hero again appeared in the parlour, it would be difficult to say which of the family seemed most delighted with their new guest, for though fatigue and want of food had made considerable encroachments on his strength, he had been too much accustomed to hardships to let them weigh heavily on his mind, and his bright intelligent countenance beamed with joy and thankfulness. A few days, with good food and kind treatment, served to restore our little hero's exhausted frame, and as his bodily powers revived, his active disposition recovered its wonted energy, and he eagerly gratified his inquiring mind, by an examination of the town, which appeared to his inexperienced judgment, of marvellous extent and magnificence. But even the view of so many new and wonderful sights, failed to withdraw his thoughts from the great object of his journey, and he made frequent inquiries of his kind host, about the most likely means of getting to Lisbon. At length, when satisfied he was strong enough to bear the shock, that gentleman told him in

the kindest and tenderest manner, that the symptoms of consumption which had alarmed her physicians before she left the Bower, had increased so rapidly, notwithstanding her removal to a milder climate, that his patroness had expired suddenly, a few days before the vessel, in which she was returning home, had reached its destined port, and that her remains had been taken to her native place, to be deposited in the family vault. "Then if I had stayed at home," exclaimed the sobbing boy, "I might at least have seen her coffin; perhaps I might even see it now, if I were to go back again." Alarmed lest he should seriously think of putting such an idea into execution, Mr. Carville took every pains to impress upon his mind that it was his duty in everything to prove his gratitude to his patroness and that he could only do this by making it his constant study to be a good and useful man, and by acting at all times in such a manner as he felt that she would approve of, were she by his side. "And remember, my good boy," he continued, "that though you are separated from her for a time, you will soon meet her again; and only think how much you will add to her happiness, as well as serv-

ing your own, by proving that she was the means of bringing one more sheep to the fold of the Saviour."

The loss of his patroness cast a dark cloud for a considerable time over the mind of our hero; but Mr. Carville, who soon discovered his thirst for seeing foreign parts, proposed his going, a cabin-boy, in a vessel of his own which was about to sail for Boston; and William's mind was gradually drawn from the contemplation of his misfortune by the idea that his longing desire to see far-distant regions was about to be gratified. Herman and Julia Carville would gladly have persuaded their father to keep him with them, till he was a year or two older; but though as much disposed to admire and love the boy as themselves, he felt that he would not be acting the part of a friend to him, by keeping him in idleness. Nor were their wishes at all seconded by William's own, for though grateful for their kindness, and returning their love with all the warmth of his ardent spirit, he panted to be in activity, and in the way of learning to provide for himself. Mr. Carville recommended him to the especial care and kindness of the captain, who, he assured William, he knew to be an amiable and kind-

hearted man ; and full of gratitude to his friends for the affectionate attention he had received, and buoyant with hope, our young adventurer set sail for those distant regions of which he had often dreamt, but never hoped to see. Even his passage down the Tyne, though it is only such a stream as in this country would hardly be thought deserving the name of river, was to our young and inexperienced traveller, an object of surprise and interest, in consequence of the numerous vessels that were passing and repassing on its waters ; but when launched on the mighty ocean, nothing could exceed his wonder and admiration, till an overpowering sea-sickness overcame every other feeling, and made him for three or four days unable to raise his head from the deck, where he lay prostrate and almost lifeless. This penalty, however, upon the inexperienced sailor, at length subsided, and William was again able to look around, and admire and marvel at the wonderful works of creation. The only passengers in the vessel were a Mr. Harper and family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, the one a year older and the other as much younger, than our little cabin-boy. Whilst the vessel was yet in the

river, William had gained the good opinion of this gentleman by a circumstance, to which the boy himself had attached little importance. Mr. Harper had given him a pair of trousers, to beat and brush for him, and whilst doing so, William heard something fall on the deck that sounded like money, and looking carefully around, he found it to be a sovereign. The boy was perfectly alone at the time, and could as easily have retained the piece of money as not, but though he was acquainted with its value, and was himself entirely void of every species of coin, the idea of appropriating it, never once entered his head. As soon therefore as he had finished brushing the trousers, he took them to their owner, and holding out the piece of money at the same time, said, with as much simplicity as if it were a matter of course, "And here is a sovereign, sir, that fell out of one of the pockets."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Harper with surprise; "I was not aware that I had left any money in the pockets, and deserve to suffer for my carelessness, whilst you have a right to a reward, my little fellow, for your honesty. We will therefore share this sovereign be-

tween us ;” and so saying, he counted out ten shillings, and held them out to William.

“No sir, thank you,” said our hero ; “I have no right to the money ; it isn’t mine.”

“But you could easily have kept the whole of it, if you had chosen.”

“There is not much merit in not choosing to be a thief,” returned William, with an air of dignity that astonished his companion, and led him to question him more minutely than he had hitherto done, respecting his history. The simple but interesting little narrative that the boy then gave, excited feelings of the warmest nature in the whole family, for they all happened to be assembled together at the time ; and William, who had before gained their good opinion by his beauty and pleasing manners, now became an object of heartfelt esteem and admiration. From that time Mrs. Harper, who had before studiously guarded her daughters from any familiarity with the crew, was perfectly willing for them to converse with the little cabin-boy, whenever he was at leisure, and was always glad, when William was at liberty, to take a share in the information that, from time to time, their

father imparted to his children concerning the natural objects by which they were surrounded. We wish exceedingly, that our limits would permit us to impart some of those wonderful and highly interesting truths to our young readers; but as that is not the case, we rejoice to think that there are so many excellent works on natural history now current, that all who have a wish for it may easily become acquainted with them; and a study more calculated to enlarge the mind and improve the heart, they certainly could not pursue. In the hope, therefore, that a study of the works of nature, will become as general as it is useful and amusing, we will continue our narrative of the little sailor.

Amongst the crew was a boy who appeared to be about sixteen years of age, that was the butt of the whole ship's company. He was a tall, large-boned, and awkward fellow, with large nose, wide mouth, and sandy complexion. The only expression visible in his countenance was a degree of good nature amounting almost to imbecility, and it was difficult to tell whether the quietness with which he bore the gibes and jeers of his companions, arose from not caring for, or not un-

derstanding them. That the latter, however, was not altogether the case, might be inferred from a sort of dogged obstinacy that he would occasionally evince when imposed upon by orders that he did not think he had any right to obey. This not unfrequently occurred when commanded by the mate, a dark, morose, and tyrannical man, who was only rendered tolerable by the awe in which he stood of the captain. It is scarcely necessary to say that William never took any part in plaguing poor Anty, as he was called, but on the contrary, though several years his junior, he assumed that power which a strong mind always has over a weak one, and persuaded the boy to treat their scoffs and impositions with indifference, at the same time that he acted the part of a protector, and frequently warded off the intended insults. The consequence was, that Anty evinced the most devoted attachment to our hero, and on many occasions, with the kind captain's approbation, he did his work for him, and left him at liberty to listen to Mr. Harper's conversation, and gain an increase of that knowledge for which his soul so ardently panted.

But poor William seemed destined to be the butt

of adverse circumstances. They had only been nine days at sea when the worthy captain began to sicken, and soon discovered signs of an alarming fever. From the first of his being seized, he seemed to be aware what was the matter with him. He had, only an hour or two before he sailed, visited a particular friend, who was lying on the point of death with the small-pox. He had immediately on coming away, used every precaution that prudence could suggest, but notwithstanding all his care, he was convinced he was now about to become a martyr to the same frightful scourge of humanity. He, therefore, from the first would scarcely allow any one to come near him, and, indeed, all seemed equally willing to fly from the loathsome disorder. William alone, who declared that the Lady of the Bower had taken care to have him properly vaccinated, resisted all opposition, and persevered in his attentions till death closed the scene, when he had the pain of seeing this kind, benevolent friend committed to the deep. This melancholy circumstance, besides depriving the boy of an excellent master, had a most distressing effect in other respects; for the mate, who in every particular

was the opposite of his deceased captain, now became master, and lost no time in exercising his authority over those who had not the power of resistance. William, who had good sense enough to know that obedience and submission was not only a duty, but the best policy, both acted up to the principle himself and encouraged Anty to do the same. But it was not easy to enlighten that poor boy's weaker judgment. His hatred of the mate, who had so often and so cruelly tyrannized over him, was inveterate, and his conduct in consequence was little short of rebellion.

One day he who was now captain, had exercised his authority in various ways, in the most wanton and unauthorized manner, till he had goaded and irritated the boy into a fit of the most unyielding stubbornness, and then, as if aware of the effect it would produce, he ordered him to go and wash the fore-deck over again, which he had finished only a few minutes before. The command, as he doubtless anticipated, was not obeyed, and, on being asked if he did not intend to do as he was bid, Anty gave a brief 'No.' Immediately two of the men were ordered to strip off his jacket and shirt, and tie him to one of the masts, whilst the cap-

tain seizing a lash, prepared to exercise it on the bare skin of the culprit. At this moment William, who had been performing some of his duties in the cabin, came on deck, and seeing in an instant what was going forward, began to plead; with all the eloquence of a feeling and affectionate heart, for the condemned criminal. "Oh, pray forgive him this time," he exclaimed with energy, "and I am sure he will soon acknowledge himself sorry for what he has done, and will be good and obedient for the future."

"Keep off with you, and let me have none of your whining noise," said the brutal man; "lest I should give you a taste of the same medicine over your own back."

"Well let me have it then," cried the generous boy. "It will not be so hard to bear it myself, as to see him suffer. Or tell me to do anything however difficult, and I will do it, if you will only let him go."

"Well, then, go up to the top-gallant mast and stay there two hours, and your bright favourite shall go free," said the captain, with a brutal laugh. Our hero did not stop a moment to reply, but springing to the ladder began immediately to ascend, and as his small

hands seized the ropes, and with one foot on the first step, he stood for an instant looking around, his beautiful countenance beaming with pleasure, he presented a picture that any painter might be glad to copy. All eyes were eagerly fixed upon him as he ascended, for it was the first time he had ever been allowed to attempt to ascend so high. There was besides a heavy under swell in the sea, (as is well known to those who have ever been on the ocean sometimes to occur, even though the wind is perfectly calm,) so that the most experienced seamen found it difficult to balance themselves. At length he is seen to reach the top, and on "the high and giddy mast," is preparing to seat himself, when a sudden swell threw the vessel on her side with such a swing, that either William's feeble force was unequal to contend against it, or his brain turned dizzy, or perhaps both these things combined, for he lost his hold, and the next moment he was seen to drop into the ocean, to which the almost horizontal mast had already borne him very near. With the rapidity almost of lightning, Anty, who was now released from his bondage, jumped over the ship's side, and being a good swimmer, made his way with great

speed to the place where William had fallen. But an undertow kept drawing the powerless boy more rapidly away than Anty was able to pursue, so that the boat that was launched had almost overtaken him, before he could seize the object of his solicitude, now a lifeless weight, and hold his head above the water. They were all soon once more on the deck, on which our hero was laid cold and inanimate. "He is done now, with all his heroism," said the captain, looking at the lifeless boy, and uttering such a laugh as the hyena gives when rejoicing over its prey. Anty, who stood with the water pouring from his rough and tangled hair, and streaming down his bare back, cast a look first on William's inanimate form, as it lay extended at his feet, and then at the savage man, which seemed to say, the hyena itself would not have more delight in tearing him to pieces than he would experience, if such retribution were in his power. The whole transaction had been of too exciting, too agonizing a nature, for any one to think of giving vent to exclamations. The inmates of the cabin, therefore, were wholly unconscious of anything extraordinary having been going forward,

till the two young Harpers happening to come on the deck, beheld the drenched and lifeless body of their favourite, stretched near the companion door, and Anty standing by his side, with his arms folded and his countenance wearing an expression of the deepest agony and despair. Their loud cries soon brought their parents up to inquire the cause. The scene which presented itself, soon told its own tale. "Have no efforts been made to revive him?" cried Mr. Harper with a benevolent impetuosity, as he raised the cold and beautiful form of his little favourite.

"It would be lost labour," replied the unfeeling captain; "he is only fit food for the shark that he has been watching so constantly for the last two or three days."

"All must be done, however, that is possible," returned the passenger; "so noble a nature must not be permitted to leave us so soon if we can help it." So saying, he took the inanimate body in his arms, and carried it down to the cabin, followed by his amiable wife and children, whilst the almost equally lifeless Anty followed in the rear. Every means that could be devised were made use of to recall the pure

spirit to its lovely mansion. For a long time their efforts seemed unavailing, but at length signs of life began to appear, when Mr. Harper was obliged to send both Anty and his children away, lest their clamorous rejoicing should counteract the efforts he and his wife were making.

"You consigned this boy to the shark," said Mr. Harper to the captain, a few days after William's recovery, "and I rescued him from its jaws. I now, therefore, claim him as my property. I have no son of my own, so he will supply the deficiency, and I will write to your owner, to explain the whole business."

"But must Anty be left behind, sir?" asked William, distressed at the idea of the poor boy being still in the power of the tyrant.

"I understand he is not yet an indentured servant, and therefore if he choose to leave the vessel he may, and I will employ him in my factory," replied the gentleman, well pleased to see William's sympathy for the uncouth boy. It is scarcely necessary to say that Anty was delighted with the proposal, and the savage captain, who now began to be afraid of the kind of report that was likely to be sent home to his

owner, made no objection to the arrangement, but tried to pass off the whole transaction, by which our hero so nearly lost his life, as a mere joke. Mr. Harper heard what he said without making any reply, but determined as he did so, that a faithful report of his brutal behaviour should be transmitted to Mr. Carville, and he hoped that as far, at least, as that gentleman's power extended, the unfeeling tyrant would never have another opportunity of exercising his malicious dispositions over the weak and helpless.

Very soon after his arrival in Boston, Mr. Harper placed his young protégé in one of those seminaries for which that city is distinguished, where William applied himself with his usual ardour and industry to the business of self-improvement.

"It is almost a pity," said his patron one day, when his young favourite returned home laden with school honours, "to bestow such an education on a mere sailor; I hope, my boy, that as your knowledge increases, your ambition will also rise above such a calling."

"It has already risen above that of a *mere* sailor, sir," answered William, with modest and graceful

dignity ; “for I am anxious to do credit to the many generous patrons that have one after another come to my aid in my necessities ; and I don’t know any calling that is more likely to put that in my power than the one I have chosen. You have often told me that some of the most distinguished men in the country were, when children, actual foundlings, and you know, sir, Columbus himself was at first only a poor sailor boy.”

Many years have elapsed since the incidents (many of which are taken from real life) occurred, and we are persuaded it will be gratifying to our young readers to hear that the flattering promises which William’s early years presented, were all confirmed and strengthened as he advanced in age, and that he gradually became a very distinguished member of society. Among those who exulted in having been instrumental in bringing forth so noble a character was his early patron, Mr. Leaviss. The profession which our hero had chosen gave him frequent opportunities of seeing and cultivating the friendship of that gentleman and his amiable family ; and when

recording, with justifiable pride, his first introduction to the interesting boy, Mr. Leaviss never failed to remark that this bright star, which shone so conspicuously in both hemispheres, first rose on the bleak and barren waste of his own native Alaston Moor. Nor did he ever fail to draw an important moral from the circumstances as he exultingly related them. With all the energy of a warm and glowing heart he called upon his hearers to consider, that the fact of a young boy totally destitute of every adventitious recommendation, having become so distinguished, offered a strong inducement to those who had it in their power to aid the weak and friendless, to do so with their utmost might, whilst those who required such aid would naturally draw encouragement from William's success "to go and do likewise." Industry and virtue can scarcely fail to make their way in any country, but in this free and prosperous one, the road is open to all, however low their commencement, who seek to gain the esteem and confidence of their fellow-beings by such means as those which distinguished The Young Sailor.





LEARNING TO RIDE.

HOLIDAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

“Lou,” said Letitia Sterling, addressing her sister, after having sat a long time in as profound a revery as if her mind had been occupied with some subject of importance, “don’t you think the costume of the people that we are going to stay with in the country exceedingly becoming?”

“Yes; I thought it very pretty,” replied Louisa, but in a tone that proved her mind to be too much occupied with the book she was reading, to think much about what she was saying.

“Did you hear where they came from?”

“No, I didn’t hear, but I suppose, from their speaking French, they come from Switzerland, for they are not really French.”

“Oh, I dare say they do, for that is such a beautiful, romantic country, and they all look so picturesque. What a handsome youth that Auguste, as they call him, is. Don’t you think so, Lou? Why don’t you

answer? It is always such hard work to get you to speak; I declare one might as well be in a nunnery as to have you only for one's companion."

"I beg your pardon," said Louisa, good-temperedly closing her book; "now, pray repeat your question, and I will endeavour to give you a befitting answer."

"I asked you if you didn't think the youth we saw remarkably handsome?"

"I saw a very pretty boy," answered Louisa with great simplicity, "but I saw no older male of the family except the husband, and he certainly was not remarkable for his beauty."

"You may call him a boy if you choose," returned Letitia, half pettishly, "but I am sure his courtesy and gallantry might make many of our full-grown gentlemen ashamed. Did you notice how politely he said he would be proud to be our teacher, if we wished to learn to ride?"

"Yes, I remember noticing he had a good deal of French politeness about him."

"And then he speaks French so fluently," continued Letitia, recovering her good temper. "It will be a great advantage to us to be with such a family."

"I didn't think their French exceedingly pure, but, as papa says, it will give us an ease and facility of expressing ourselves, which will be a great advantage to us afterwards."

"Well now, Lou," said Letitia, putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I have a plan in my head that I want you to agree to."

"What is it?" asked the other; "you know, as the younger sister, I am always willing to follow where you lead."

"It is only a trifle, but I shall be delighted if you will agree to it."

"Well, let me hear what it is?"

"I want you, while we are staying with this family, to agree to our assuming the same costume that they wear. I think you would look lovely in it."

"And how do you expect to look yourself, Letitia?" asked Louisa, with a cunning smile.

"Oh, well, I don't pretend to say that I think it would be very disfiguring to myself," returned the elder sister, blushing. "But I was just picturing to myself your glossy black curls, lying upon your white neck."

"And your rich flaxen ones upon yours," rejoined Louisa slily.

"You are always attributing some selfish motive to me," said Letitia pettishly.

"But, dear Letty," returned Louisa playfully ; "though these dresses might be very becoming, and we look very charming in them, how do you think they would suit papa's taste, after his having fitted us out so abundantly as he has already done?"

"Oh, as to that, the matter is easy enough, for papa told me this morning, that as he knew we would want several little things to take into the country with us by way of amusement, he would give us each thirty dollars before he left home, and he hoped on his return from the West, he should find we had contrived to furnish ourselves with a great deal of pleasure ; and I am sure I don't know any way that we could amuse ourselves better than as I propose."

"Why, Letitia, how can you think so? Only consider ; we might have some little amusement in making up our dresses, it is true, but that would soon be over. And then after they were made and we had put them on, and looked at ourselves in the glass, and

exhibited ourselves to the family, and heard them exclaim, 'Oh, tres jolie,' 'Charmante,' and a hundred other French compliments, the thing would be flat and stale, and we should wish that we had reserved our money for a better purpose."

"You might, but I am sure I should not; and if you wish to oblige me, you will agree to my proposal."

"As I do wish to oblige you, and do like to see you look pretty, I do agree," said the amiable Louisa. "So now let us prepare ourselves for meeting papa at the dinner table with our sweetest smiles and happiest faces."

Letitia and Louisa Sterling were the daughters of a wealthy merchant of New York. They had had the misfortune, about two years previous to the time that we have introduced them to our young readers, to lose their excellent mother. Letitia was then not much more than twelve years old, and Louisa upwards of a year younger. Several of their female friends took great pains to persuade their father, after their mother's death, to send them to a good boarding-school; but he, fearful of the kind of associates they

might meet there, and the intimacies they might form, preferred keeping them under his own eye, with the exception of their spending at one of the best day-schools he could select, those hours of business when he must necessarily be away from them. The rest of the day they were invariably together. His habits were all of the most domestic nature, and he never was half so happy as when with his two lovely daughters. It was a beautiful sight to see this fond father, who strove so anxiously to perform the duties of a double parent, walking down Broadway in a morning, when on his way to the counting-house, with a daughter hanging on each arm, and calling for them on his return, that they might be his companions back at the dinner hour. It was often remarked, that it was impossible to tell whether father or daughters looked most the picture of happiness, as they went along laughing and talking with the ease and familiarity of brother and sisters, rather than parent and children. Yet though his kindness had placed his daughters on a perfectly easy footing with him, Mr. Sterling had still carefully preserved the authority and respect due to him as a father, and had,

by the correctness of his own conduct, so entirely gained their esteem, that there was nothing they dreaded so much as the loss of his good opinion. We have already said enough to imply that they were handsome girls, but though conspicuously so, their style of beauty was distinct as the minds and dispositions which were encased in those beautiful caskets. Letitia was a perfect blonde, with a profusion of rich flaxen hair, that might almost be called golden, so completely Saxon was its hue; whilst her finely chiselled features and full blue eyes, gave a finish to her appearance which is seldom to be met with in a girl of her age. Her beauty was precocious, but her judgment had not ripened in proportion, for her father had perceived, with a considerable degree of alarm, symptoms of vanity and a disposition for display, which he regarded not only as a mark of weakness, but as a folly, which if indulged in was likely to lead to errors of a still more serious nature. Louisa, the gentle, pure, artless Louisa, was not more distinct with her clear, blooming, brunette complexion, and bright, glossy, flowing black hair, than she was rendered by her sweet, gentle, but deeply conscientious mind.

We will not pretend to say that she did not know she was handsome, for it would seem impossible her glass could reflect her fine oval face, her sweet little mouth, her well-shaped nose, and above all, her clear dark eyes, which were perfect mirrors of the mind within, and not be sensible that she was gazing on a face of no common order. But if such were the case, she saw it only as an additional stimulus to watch well that its symmetry might not be deformed by becoming the index to anything less lovely than itself. That she was not insensible to the power of beauty we are very sure, for she not only saw but delighted in it as she beheld it displayed in the form of her sister, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to observe that others saw and admired it as she did herself. It was this feeling, and this alone, which led her to acquiesce in Letitia's proposal of their assuming a foreign costume, during their residence in the country. She knew it would be becoming, and she enjoyed the idea of her beautiful sister appearing to advantage even amongst a set of peasants. This same motive there is no doubt, had its weight with Letitia also, for whilst thinking of her own appearance, she was not a little

pleased with the idea of its adding to Louisa's loveliness; but this with her was a secondary consideration, self was the predominating one. Next to her father, Louisa loved her sister better than anything in the world; but Letitia loved Louisa next to her father, indeed, but both were subordinate to the more powerful love of self. But instead of defining their characters any further, we will leave it to their actions to complete their portraits.

The holidays commenced, and their kind father, after seeing them comfortably settled in their new abode, set out on his journey to the western country, which he calculated would keep him at least two months from home. He had liberally provided his daughters with the means of furnishing themselves with sources of amusement, which, together with the novelty of the country,—for they had hitherto spent their lives almost entirely in the city,—he doubted not would make the time of his absence glide over very pleasantly.

During the whole of the first week after their father's departure, the weather happened to be very

wet, a circumstance which might, perhaps, have interfered very materially with their fondness for their rural habitation, had they not been so fully occupied in arranging their new style of dress. Had Louisa been doing it for herself alone, she would soon have thrown the troublesome job aside, and taken up some interesting book in its stead, but she was doing it for her sister, and the idea of giving her pleasure, made the occupation sweet; and when she saw her equipped with her white skirt and short loose sleeves, her black bodice, striped apron, and little fancy cap, set on the top of her clustering golden ringlets, and heard the exclamations of admiration which burst from Mr. and Mrs. Jaquet, their host and hostess, but still more from the handsome Auguste, she felt fully repaid for the violence she had often done to her own inclinations. Her own dress she persevered in having of a less fanciful kind, and steadily resisted all persuasions to have her neck and shoulders exposed. With the exception too of the chemisette and sleeves, her dress was altogether dark, yet had she studied for a week, she could not have assumed anything more becoming the retiring modesty of her face and mien. And so said

Auguste, who was a perfect courtier as far as his age and experience permitted, and had learnt the art of flattering as well as any Frenchman in Paris, for he had a sort of intuitive knowledge of the kind of compliments that would best suit those to whom they were applied. "You ma'moiselle, are the bright star of the evening, and ought therefore to be surrounded with darkness; but your sister is the clear brilliant day."

"Get along with you," said Letitia, with a smile that showed that such language was highly pleasing to her; "I wonder where you learnt to be such a flatterer."

Just as they had got their dresses completed, the weather cleared up and everything began to wear a smiling face. Then came the long-anticipated pleasure of learning to ride. Letitia acquitted herself with great ease from the first, but Louisa was more timid, and felt far from secure, when seated on the clumsy kind of saddle, notwithstanding the broad footstep it had on which to rest her feet, and she held fast by Auguste, even though the animal was kept still by the "tether of the tooth," for Letitia supplied

it with handfuls of ripened grain. Mrs. Jaquet's little boy too, a little fellow not above two years old, imagined he was doing much to contribute to her security by holding one of the ears of the Rosinante, which, however, was not likely to be much disposed to stir as long as it could enjoy such delicious fare. Auguste kept encouraging the timid girl, with all his blandest smiles and most encouraging tones, and being, as Letitia had declared, remarkably handsome, he added not a little to the beauty of the scene. In truth they formed altogether a most lovely group as they stood under an old gateway, which seemed by its substantial character to have been erected by some of the early settlers of the country, the light branches of some clinging vine waving over their heads, and a spire rising in the distance, through the arch, and completing the scene. As Louisa's fear was wholly unaffected, her good sense gradually prevailed over it, and before long she was able to enjoy the delightful exercise, which their liberal father had bargained with the farmer they should have the power of partaking of whenever they felt disposed. The animal of which they had the use was a remarkably docile one, so that

they soon became quite at their ease when on it, and amused themselves for hours together, in riding by turns round the fields and along the lanes in the neighbourhood of the house. It was not long, however, before they were induced to make a considerable extension of their rides, in a manner which, to Letitia at least, was most delightful. A short distance from the farm on which Monsier Jaquet resided, was a widow lady of the name of Findley, who had formerly lived in New York in considerable style, but had after the death of her husband, found it convenient to remove into the country and commence an establishment very different from that to which she had formerly been accustomed. Unfortunately, however, for her, and still more so, for her children, her mind was far from accommodating itself to her circumstances, and instead of studying to enlarge the young minds that Providence had placed under her care, and teaching them that to be good is to be great, her constant endeavour was to impress upon them the idea of their own greatness and the inferiority of all those by whom they were surrounded. Her family consisted of two daughters, about seventeen and eighteen years of age,

and a son, who was twelve months the junior of his younger sister. The news of the two daughters of a wealthy city merchant having come to spend the summer in their neighbourhood soon reached them, and both brother and sisters waited with impatience for the clearing up of the weather and the drying of the roads, that they might be enabled to go and call upon the young strangers. Amanda, the elder of the two, though nearly eighteen, was exceedingly childish in her appearance, in consequence both of the diminutive size of her person, and the insignificance of her countenance. She, however, seemed wholly unconscious of these defects, and was constantly endeavouring to win admiration for her beauty and gentility, whilst unfortunately she produced a directly contrary effect. Her sister Cecilia, on the other hand, was rather tall than otherwise, and might even have been thought handsome, had not a certain air of consciousness, and a disposition to command the admiration to which she considered her charms entitled her, deprived her of what she deemed her right. She had not yet learned that though we willingly yield to beauty the admiration which is unsought, we instinctively with-

hold it when we see it imperiously demanded. Their brother Jacob, or as they had insisted upon his being called, Jacopo, not having anything in his personal appearance of which to be vain, was saved the temptation of falling into that error, but to make amends for all defects, it was his constant endeavour to be very sprightly, very gallant, and, as he thought, very agreeable. He had spent the previous winter in New York, with an uncle who was anxious to put him forward in his counting-house, but who had found him so little disposed to apply himself to business, and so prone to forming loose and idle acquaintances, that he had sent the youth home again, with the advice to his mother, to keep the precocious boy in the country, and bind him to some trade where he would be under the superintendence of a strict master. This advice, however, the mother had not yet made up her mind to comply with, so that at the time of which we are speaking, the youth had nothing to do but to dance attendance on the two city beauties. Of course, to accompany them in their rides on horseback, was a great object of his ambition, and in order to be able to do so, he who had before scarcely condescended to

speaking to any of the neighbouring farmers, except in a tone of haughtiness and superiority, became all at once most obsequious and fawning, for the sake of obtaining the occasional loan of a horse. He was, however, chiefly the gallant of Letitia, for though he would have been equally proud to be the squire of the younger sister, it needed but little discrimination to discover that his attentions were much more acceptable to the elder one. In fact, after having taken one ride in his company, Louisa always contrived to give the honour of his attendance altogether to her sister, and to take her quiet journey through the fields and lanes alone. She had soon found that the only things with which he sought to amuse her, were his own exploits when in New York, many of which were far from tending to raise her respect for the speaker, or loading compliments upon herself, from which the delicacy of her mind revolted. We are sorry to say that this was far from being the case with Letitia, who, though an intelligent, accomplished, and in other respects, amiable girl, having once given harbour to a dangerous vice, became daily more and more a prey to its insatiable cravings; for vanity, like

all other evil passions, feeds upon the very food that is devouring its possessor; and craves imperatively for nourishment even at the expense of every better feeling.

“Oh, I have had such a delightful ride!” exclaimed Letitia one day, on her return from one of her equestrian journeys; “I declare a ride in this beautiful country, with an agreeable companion, is perfect enjoyment!”

“With an agreeable companion it perhaps may be,” said Louisa, “but I cannot imagine how you can think Jacopo Findley one.”

“Oh, I think he is very agreeable; I never saw any one take more pains to please,” returned the elder sister.

“Yes; at the expense of both good taste and judgment,” replied Louisa quietly.

“Oh, that is only owing to your timid, retiring disposition, Lou; for if a person only looks at you, one would think that you were afraid they were going to devour you, by the manner you shrink away. But for my part, I like to hear that I am admired. It always makes me disposed to admire those who tell

me so, and by that means we are both pleased, you know ;” and as Letitia said this, she gave a short, forced laugh, as if trying to give an air of jest to the confession.

“ Well, take care,” remonstrated her more thoughtful sister, “ that you do not indulge yourself in such a liking till it involve you in something that may not make you feel quite so comfortable.”

“ No fear,” returned the other ; and at that moment the entrance of the two Miss Findleys put a stop to any further remark.

“ We are come to tell you of something so delightful,” said the elder of the visitors ; “ ma has just received an invitation for herself and family, as well as any friends she may choose to introduce, to a harvest-home, and she has sent us to say she hopes you will both join our party. It will be a most elegant affair, for there will be tables with refreshments, and a band of music, and dancing, and everything that is delightful. And then the party that we are to join is composed of nothing but people of fashion, and by way of keeping it distinct from the commoner set, the farmers, you know, and such like, it is pro-

posed that the ladies should all be dressed in a uniform, to distinguish them from the rest, and the gentlemen should wear badges, and then there can be no mistake; for no lady, of course, will dance with a gentleman that has not a badge to show that he is one of the exclusives. So I hope you will go, for I am sure it will be perfectly delightful;" and the young lady at length paused, having talked herself out of breath.

"I should like it of all things," said Letitia, her eyes sparkling at the thought of shining amongst the throng; "but papa has not yet allowed us to go to any parties."

"Oh, but this is only a rural concern. It is not a party. It is to be held in a wide, open space in the wood, about six miles from here, and to be perfectly rural," replied the fair Amanda with emphasis.

"A party calling themselves exclusives, hasn't a very rural sound," said Louisa, with a gentle smile.

"Oh, but you know," interposed the dignified Cecilia, "it is necessary for some means to be taken to guard the ladies from the advances of the vulgar herd; for it is impossible to prevent some such gain-

ing admittance where nothing else is required but that they should pay their portion of the expense."

"I should not like to go to any place," again objected Louisa, "where I was in danger of meeting with any one who was likely to behave with rudeness or impropriety."

"You mistake me if you think I mean to imply that any one would be admitted unless well known to be perfectly respectable. But you know a man may be very good and respectable in his way, and yet not fit to mix with those of a much higher standing than his own."

"But if he be perfectly respectable, and you have condescended to join in the same amusement to which he is admitted, would it not be indelicate to use any badge or token to remind him of his inferiority?" suggested the gentle but judicious girl, in the same modest tone.

"Oh, well I see you are too young to understand what we mean," said Cecilia, rather impatiently, "but Letitia has more tact, so we leave her to enlighten you. In the mean time, you promise to be of our

party,—don't you, Letitia?" appealing to the elder sister.

"I should like it exceedingly."

"Then say positively that you will go," urged Amanda, "for ma wants her party to be distinguished for beauty as well as fashion."

"I will try to prevail upon Louisa; but at any rate"—here, however, Letitia paused, ashamed to finish the sentence.

"At any rate, you will go yourself," said Cecilia, finishing what she meant to say. "That's right; keep to your resolution, and I'll engage you will be the belle of the party;" and with this promise, the two sisters took their leave. The belle of the party! What a delightful promise! It sounded like music in the young girl's ear:—music such as the sirens are said to make use of, to lead their victims to destruction.

For above a week the subject of the harvest-home was never mentioned between our two sisters. Letitia, aware that Louisa did not approve of their going, was afraid to commence the subject, and her amiable sister, conscious that in declining the invi-

tation, Letitia would have to exercise no small degree of self-denial, carefully avoided any allusion to it, satisfied that if left to itself, her own excellent heart would lead her to act according to the well-known wishes of her father. But, though Louisa avoided the subject, the wavering girl was far from being left to herself in the matter. The Findleys took every opportunity, when alone with her, to excite her vanity, by using every argument that was calculated to fan the kindling embers into a flame. They dwelt with extravagant warmth upon the sensation that one so beautiful, so genteel, and the daughter too of so rich a man, was likely to excite, and as they urged her to comply with their wishes with an energy that almost astonished the young girl herself, she began actually to feel persuaded that it was impossible for her to refuse. In fact, as Jacopo declared repeatedly, that if she did not go, there would be nothing in the party to repay him for the trouble, and therefore, he also would stay at home; and his sisters pronounced it impossible that they could go without him; since, though still young, he was the only escort they could command, Letitia

became convinced that to persevere in refusing would be nothing short of an absolute act of cruelty. A positive promise was therefore given, and the next consideration was, that they should set promptly about preparing their uniforms. For this purpose it was immediately arranged that Letitia and Louisa, if she could be prevailed upon to do so, should accompany the Miss Findleys in their carryall to a town not many miles distant, where they assured her their milliner would furnish her with all she required, in the handsomest style. "I cannot afford to be extravagant," said Letitia with a forced laugh; for the foolish shame of having any idea of economy had already brought the blushes to her cheeks. "Papa supplied us very liberally before he left us, but I have spent so much money already, that I must be obliged to be economical now."

"Oh, the expense will be nothing," returned Cecilia; "you have no doubt already white frocks enough that will do with a simple alteration in the sleeves, and a few rows of pink satin ribbon round the skirt; and as for the satin waist, and the wreath of flowers for the head, if you are not already supplied

with them, they will cost very little, you know. We would have told you sooner what the uniform was to be, only we were afraid that the people you stay with might come to the knowledge of it, and so the thing get abroad, which would completely defeat the design, as it is accompanied with so little expense that anybody might assume it." Letitia was satisfied with this explanation, and after its being arranged that they should call for her in the course of an hour, she prepared herself for a grand attack on Louisa. To set about overcoming the objections of another, whilst conscious that they really ought not to comply with our wishes, is no very easy task, and Letitia, as she prepared for it, felt half ashamed of what she was going to do. After seeking her sister for some time, she at length found her seated in a little arbour in the garden, and very intently engaged in reading Frederika Bremer's beautiful history of the H—— family. She stood for a considerable time before she could determine how to commence, playing with a branch of honeysuckle, and trying to force it to twine in an opposite direction from that to which nature inclined it; but at

last she exclaimed, as if from a sudden impulse, "Louisa, this branch of honeysuckle is very like you."

"How so?" inquired her sister, raising her eyes from her book, with a sweet smile.

"Because, though very sweet and pretty, when left to take its own way, it is very unwilling to be led."

"And what proof have I given of such a disposition?" asked Louisa, with the same sweet smile.

"Because you will not oblige me, even in a trifle that you know my heart is very much set upon."

"But suppose I turn tables, and lay the same charge at your door," returned Louisa, still speaking with the utmost gentleness.

"But the difference is very great between us, for you want me to do a thing merely to please yourself, whilst that which I want you to do, would not only oblige me, but many others."

"In the first place, Letitia," said the younger sister, in a more serious manner than she had before spoken, "I believe those whom you imagine you would oblige, either care very little in reality about

the matter, or they have some selfish end to answer by your compliance; but, on the contrary, it is not to please any fancy of my own that I am anxious for you to give up the idea of this party, but because I know it is a thing that papa would disapprove of unless he were here to go with us."

"Perhaps that might be the case, if only we young people were going, but you know Mrs. Findley is to accompany us, so we shall be properly chaperoned."

"But you know, Letitia, papa refused to let us go even to aunt's parties last winter, and there have only a very few months passed over our heads since then."

"But you heard Amanda Findley say this was not a party, but merely a little rural festival."

"I know that papa would disapprove highly of the principle on which the party you are going with are acting," again remonstrated the earnest Louisa; "and I do entreat, dear Letty, that you will give up the notion;" and as the amiable and conscientious girl spoke, she rose and threw her arms affectionately round the neck of her sister.

"It is no use asking me now," answered Letitia;

“for I have promised, and must not break my word. And see, they are already here, to take me to the milliner’s;” and so saying she skipped off, and was soon bowling along to the little town of —. The very youngest of my readers, I have little doubt, are already acquainted with the various temptations that are met with in a milliner’s room. One little ornament after another was produced, and Letitia’s vanity assailed, to convince her that it would make her look absolutely bewitching, and the insatiable passion to which she was so rapidly giving way, easily credited the flattering tale. At length the contents of her purse were exhausted, and as she parted with the last dollar, she turned away, declaring she would not look at another thing. But she was in the hands of those who knew too well how to make use of their tool, not to turn it to still more advantage. At this moment, the artful milliner produced a beautiful white lace veil. Its beauty could not be questioned, and it was besides so cheap—it would be almost given away; but she would let the young lady have it, in consideration of her having already bought so many things, for five dollars. It

was true, the artful woman added, that a veil had not been mentioned as an article of the general uniform, but, for Letitia, it was absolutely indispensable. Others, even though styled beauties, might risk the exposure of their complexions to the sun, but such an exquisite one as Letitia's, was not to be sported with. It must be screened, and yet it must be protected in such a manner as would allow all to behold such a skin as they had never before witnessed. In vain the wavering girl spoke of having a large and very handsome green veil. That would never do. It was cruelty to think of it. Green veils made people look as if pining with blue and yellow melancholy. The generous milliner even declared, she would rather give the veil than anything so beautiful should be so disfigured. Her empty purse was then spoken of, but that objection was laughed at. Very few ladies paid at the time for what they got, besides there would at any rate be a small charge for the making of the satin waist still standing; but though the lady was a stranger, she was brought by the Miss Findleys, and that was security sufficient. The veil was taken, and Letitia hastened

out of the store, as if afraid to trust herself any further. At the door she was met by Jacopo, and at the moment of his coming forward, his sister said, "Jacopo, stay here and try to amuse Letitia till Cecilia and I go into the store again, for a few things we want for ourselves." Jacopo performed the part assigned to him most faithfully, and kept the silly girl so occupied in listening to his flattering speeches, that she almost forgot why she was waiting. At length the young ladies joined them, and as they did so, Amanda said, in a careless manner, "Letitia, we have been like yourself, and have bought more than we had money to pay for, so I desired Mrs. Frill to put them down with your veil, and we can go together some day to defray our respective debts." Letitia assented, and they returned home, all highly pleased with their excursion.

The day of the important party arrived, and Louisa, when she saw the thing was inevitable, assisted her sister in the kindest manner at her toilet; and, on seeing her depart, endeavouring to smile, even whilst wiping the tears from her eyes, she wished her a pleasant time. But the wish was a

vain one, for Letitia had that within, which though unacknowledged by herself, was sure sooner or later to poison enjoyment. Perhaps, had she met with all that her vanity had anticipated, the small, but unerring voice of conscience, might not so soon have made itself heard. But disappointment awaited her at every turn. Though tall and womanly for her age, Letitia was still a very young girl, and though many looked at her, and by their expression acknowledged her to be handsome, yet still she was treated as little more than a child ; and whilst Amanda and Cecilia were led away by young gentlemen of their acquaintance, she was left to wander about or sit by the side of Mrs. Findley, without any other amusement than listening to her uninteresting conversation with other matrons about people and things in which she had no concern. Occasionally, a master of the ceremonies would come and say, "Miss, would you like to have something to eat? Shall I bring you some goodies? I know young Misses are generally fond of such things;" but this only added an additional mortification. Even Jacopo, whose devotion she had made herself sure of, and had even fancied

his jealousy, when some older rivals interposed between them, had joined a party of less select companions, and had forgotten both Letitia and her beauty. It was a long and weary day to the vain, expecting girl, and the only pleasure she experienced was at hearing the carriage announced, and a summons to return home. The whole ride back was taken up by Amanda and Cecilia, in expatiating on the pleasure they had enjoyed, and the attentions they had received; and they bade their young victim good evening at Jaquet's door, without a single expression of regret for her disappointment. Fatigued, disappointed, and self-upbraiding, Letitia almost tore off the dress which she had put on in the morning with so much pride and exultation, and desiring her sister not to ask her any questions, or speak a word to her, she threw herself on her bed and bedewed her pillow with tears of heartfelt mortification.

The next morning when Louisa awoke, the first thing she saw was her sister already up, and dressed in one of her simple, pretty school-dresses.

"What! up already, Letitia?" she exclaimed in surprise; "and how sweet you look this morning."

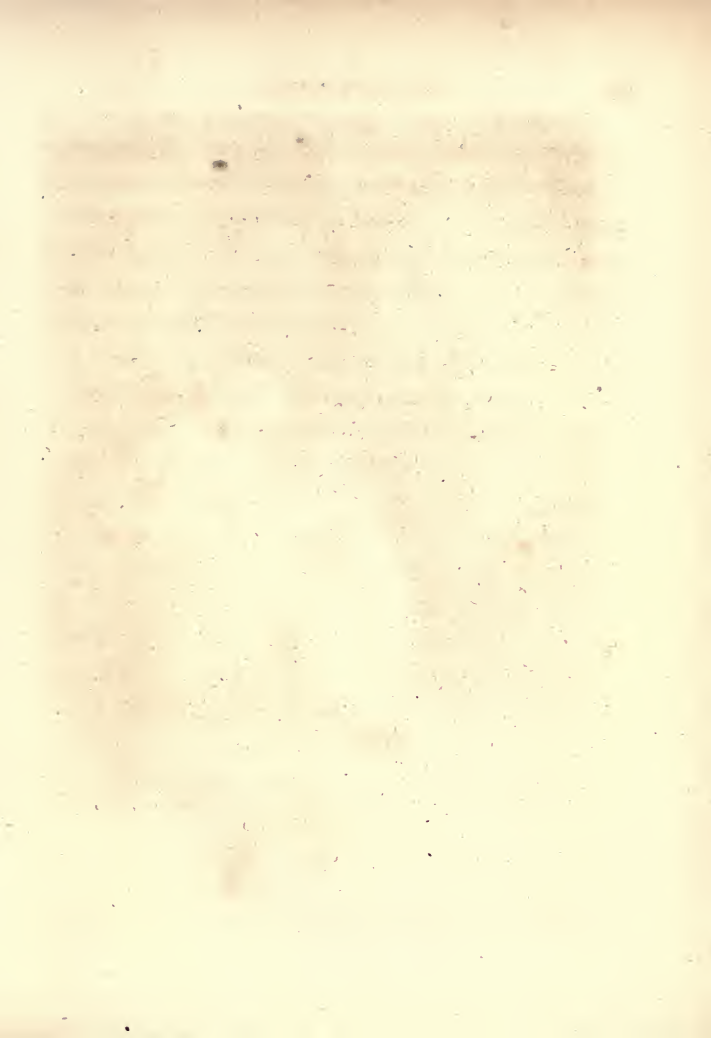
“Hush ! don’t say a word to me about my looks,” replied the deeply mortified girl ; “I have already heard too much about them.” She then with great ingenuousness acknowledged the disappointment she had experienced the day before, and her deep contrition for having given way to the impulses of a vice that she was convinced, had it not received so seasonable a check, would have hurried her on to ruin and misery.

The moment Louisa heard that her sister had contracted a debt at the milliner’s, she sent for the bill, when one was returned of more than double the amount of what Letitia owed, for things purchased by the Miss Findleys. For some time they were at a loss how to act on the occasion, for her own portion of the bill took all the money that Letitia had remaining to defray it ; but at last Louisa determined to pay off, out of her own purse, all that was placed to her sister’s account, and leave it to the Miss Findleys own conscience to repay their portion or not as they thought fit, inwardly exulting in the thought that Letitia had thus purchased, at a little cost, experience which would be valuable

through the whole course of her life. That there never was any allusion to the debt contracted by those young ladies, will, we presume, surprise our readers as little as it did Louisa, who immediately saw in the transaction the reason of their extraordinary wish to draw Letitia into their party.

It may easily be imagined that little intercourse took place from that time between the young people. That, however, which had broken the tie between Letitia and her quondam friends, had strengthened the bond between her and her amiable sister, whom she determined to make her future model. But this was not all; she felt as if she had not suffered as she deserved for her folly and weakness, and resolved to impose a much more severe punishment upon herself. As soon, therefore, as her father returned, she made a full confession to him of the whole, at the same time that she did ample justice to Louisa's conscientious and generous conduct. "You have relieved my mind, my dear child," said the affectionate father, "of a load that has hung over it for a long time. I have for a considerable period seen your proneness to vanity and a love of

admiration, and have thought, with great anxiety, of its probable consequences. But of one who can so early learn from experience, and so nobly acknowledge her faults, the happiest results may be anticipated. I hope, therefore, that in future my daughter's only anxiety will be how most to excel in goodness, when she will indeed be what her name betokens, 'Joy' to her father, and to all with whom she may in future be connected."





Rothermel

D. ARTIST

THE YOUTHFUL READER.

GENEROSITY.

“WHAT can be the meaning of that noise?” exclaimed Sybella Story, starting up in the middle of the night from a sound sleep, and addressing her cousin, who she expected was by her side, in a small French bedstead corresponding to her own. “Florence, did you not hear that noise? It sounded exactly like the opening of grandpa’s study-door and the strange click the lock of his desk makes when it is turned. Florence! Florence! do rouse up and listen, for I am afraid there is somebody in the house that shouldn’t be. Florence! Florence!” she reiterated; “do rouse up and help me to listen.” Still Florence made no answer, and alarmed at the difficulty of rousing her cousin, she got out of bed to shake her, but on putting her hand forward with the expectation of taking hold of the sleeping girl, she felt—for it was too dark for her to see,—that the

bed-clothes were thrown back, and the young occupant of the couch was no longer there. "She has no doubt heard the same noise that I did, and less selfish than I, she has gone to find out the cause without alarming me. But if there are robbers in the house, what dangers may she not have exposed herself to! But I must not stay here without endeavouring to assist her," continued the agitated girl, as she groped her way to the door, as well as her trembling limbs would permit. "There," she cried, pausing an instant to listen, "there is the same noise again, and I am sure it is the sound that the lock of grandpa's desk always makes. Oh, if any robbers have got in, and hurt our dear Florence!" As she spoke, she succeeded in finding the door, the lock of which she opened as softly as possible and put her head out, barely so far as to enable her to look along the gallery. The house was a very large old-fashioned one, through the centre of which ran a long passage or gallery. At the extremity of each end of this passage was a door, the one leading into the room occupied by the two young girls, and the other leading to their grandfather's

study. Near the centre of the gallery was the old gentleman's chamber; and other apartments, which, together with a wide staircase, filled the remainder of the space. As Sybella opened the door, which, though she tried to do it very gently, yet made some little creaking noise, she saw at once, through the crevices between the wall and the door, that there was a light in the opposite room; but in an instant, as if the creaking of her door had been heard by some one that was afraid of being discovered, it was extinguished. At a loss to determine what would be best for her to do, she stood for a few moments considering whether to give an alarm, or to go forward to where she had no doubt Florence was, and see first whether there was really any danger. As everything now seemed perfectly quiet, she determined upon the latter course, and therefore crept gently along the gallery, and opening the study door called "Florence," in a low, soft whisper. No Florence, however, replied, and she was about to make her way to the mantel-piece, where she knew that a taper and match-box always stood ready, when she trod upon something sharp, which hurt

her so much that she nearly fell, and in endeavouring to recover her balance, she knocked against a chair, which made a considerable noise. Immediately, her grandfather's room door opened, and he called authoritatively, "Who's there?" "It is I, grandpa," replied she, in a timid voice, for a something told her all was not as it should be. "You!" repeated the old gentleman; "what are you doing there, child?"

"I thought I heard some strange noises, and came to see what was the matter."

"A very Quixote expedition, truly," returned the master of the house; "but did you not consider that if there were any one in the house that ought not to be there, you yourself would be in great danger?"

"I was afraid Florence was in danger, and came to look after her."

"Why should you imagine Florence was in danger? Where is she?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Is she not in bed?"

"No, sir."

“Are you sure of that? I rather think, Sybella, you have been dreaming, and have got up in your sleep. Come, and we will go together, and seek for Florence, and will first of all look if she is not in bed, as I suspect is the case.” So saying, he returned to his own room, and bringing out the chimney-lamp that he always kept burning at nights, he desired Sybella to follow him, and proceeded to their apartment. There they found Florence lying seemingly in a sound sleep, and without any appearance of having been disturbed. “It is just as I thought,” said the old gentleman; “you, no doubt, heard all the strange noises in a dream, and undertook to encounter a gang of house-breakers in a fit of somnambulism;” and so saying, after having rekindled the lamp which had lighted the cousins to bed, he returned to his own couch.

But Sybella was far from being satisfied that her grandfather’s explanation of the affair was a correct one. She was very sure that she was perfectly awake when she had felt her cousin’s bed; nor was she any less certain of having really seen a light, and then, on the creaking of the room door, of its

having been extinguished ; and she laid her head on the pillow under the painful perplexity of being obliged to suspect something wrong in the conduct of one who, though she sincerely loved her, she could not but acknowledge was not always as correct as she ought to be, either for her own good, or the satisfaction of those by whom she was beloved.

Mr. Langlands, the old gentleman to whom we have already referred, was a man whose mind and manners had been formed before the very liberal principles, which now have so much sway in this country, had acquired their present influence. He was consequently considered by many to be too rigid in his discipline, and too formal in his manners. We believe, however, that it was only those who were disposed to overstep the bounds of truth and honour, that ever found him too exact, nor did any one, whose behaviour was always in accordance with amiability and a regard for the feelings of others, ever consider him too rigid in his notions of politeness. He, however, highly disapproved of young people being allowed so much liberty as is

customary at the present day, and was a strong advocate for their being held under control till their judgment was ripened, and they had had some experience by which to regulate their conduct. For this reason many were disposed to pity the grandchildren that had been left to his protection and guardianship by their respective parents, but the young people themselves (except when disposed to do wrong) never felt that he guided them with too tight a rein. Mr. Langlands had had two daughters, who had both become widows, and had both, likewise, followed their husbands to an early grave. The elder of the two had left a son and daughter, Hector and Florence Holroyd, and the younger, an only daughter, the Sybella Story with whom our readers are already in some degree acquainted. Mrs. Holroyd, whose devotion to her husband had caused her own early death, had, during her long attendance upon him in his protracted sickness, been obliged to leave her children very much to themselves, and to the influence of such acquaintances as they might chance to form, and though after her husband's death she became sensible of the injury

they had sustained, the weak state of her own health incapacitated her from using any very strenuous means to remedy the evil. All, therefore, that remained for her to do was to leave them to her father's guardianship. But her respectable parent soon discovered that the soil of their young minds had been so sadly neglected, and the destructive tares been permitted to scatter their seeds so abundantly over them (that of his grandson more especially), that after struggling for three years to eradicate them, he at length determined to send the boy to a seminary, the strict discipline of which, he hoped, might do for the wayward youth what his own influence had not been able to accomplish. One great motive for this arrangement was his wish to separate Hector from his sister. Florence was nearly four years younger than her brother, and as her admiration of his talents was unbounded, his influence over her mind and actions was equally so. She had besides lately lost her grandmother, whose superintendence of the young girls was closer than his own could possibly be, and he therefore thought it doubly important that all bad influences should as

much as possible be removed from her. So situated, and with the example of Sybella, who had become a member of the family only a short time after the Holroyds had entered, and was within a month or two of the same age as the younger, he hoped her mind might gradually be purified from the dross with which it was then alloyed, and his granddaughter become as conspicuous for her virtue as she already was for her beauty and talents. All that he had ever seen of his other granddaughter had been calculated to inspire esteem and confidence, but she was reserved and retiring, and was neither remarkable for beauty or talents. Her face, however, was pleasing, from the expression of sweetness and amiability which it bore; and no one could witness the devoted attachment she evinced on all occasions for her cousin, and the pleasure she evidently took in hearing her admired, and imagine for a moment that her reserve was the result of a cold or selfish heart.

“What a fright you gave me last night,” said

Sybella, as soon as she saw her cousin was awake, and preparing to rise.

“What with?” asked Florence, trying to look unconscious.

“Why by getting up in the middle of the night to be sure; as you know you did.”

“Getting up in the middle of the night!” repeated Florence, endeavouring to look surprised, though a confused, uneasy expression on her countenance, completely defeated the effort.

“Come, come,” returned Sybella, stopping from the bundling up of her hair, with which she was engaged at the time, and fixing her eyes with a steady gaze on the face of her cousin; “you need not pretend to be surprised, for I know all about it.” As she spoke, the colour first mounted to Florence’s face and then forsook it, alternately, whilst Sybella proceeded; “I know now exactly how you did, though I could not find it out last night. You crept softly to grandpa’s study, and turned the key, which I remember we noticed last night he had forgotten to take out, and then as soon as you found that I had taken the alarm, you blew out the light

and slipped down the back stairs, and came up the front ones, and so got into bed again, whilst grandpa and I were talking in the study. But I rather think, my lady, you went a little further than you intended, when you got grandpa up as well as me."

"Upon my word, Sybella, you are indeed a complete somnambulist!" exclaimed Florence, trying to force a hearty laugh.

"There! you have convicted yourself," cried her cousin, "by proving that you were, as I suspected at the time, only pretending to sleep when we came into the room, and heard grandpa talk about somnambulism."

"And what proof can that be, I wonder? Surely I might call you a somnambulist without ever having heard grandpa speak of such a thing."

"You might, but I know very well that I was wide awake, and that I felt in the bed and you were not there, and as for the click of that lock, it could never be mistaken."

"Nor even dreamt about," said Florence, jokingly; for she had now recovered her self-command, and as they at that moment received a summons to the

breakfast-table, they were in too great a hurry to finish their dressing, for any further conversation.

On joining their grandfather, Sybella became the subject of many merry jokes from the old gentleman, about her sleep-walking, in which Florence joined with glee, whilst Sybella bore it all with great patience, still however, maintaining she was wide awake, and that she had heard all the noises she described. Though the subject was afterwards dropped, Sybella could not help watching her cousin in a manner she had never before done, and feeling most painful suspicions respecting her. Under the influence of these, she was a good deal surprised on going, in the course of the morning, into a room which they were not much in the habit of frequenting, to see her cousin, with her bonnet and scarf on, folding up a letter as if in great haste. "Are you going out, Florence?" she asked.

"No, I believe not," replied the other; "I did think of going to buy a piece of muslin that I wanted, but I believe I shall not go;" and as she spoke, she put the letter she had been folding, in a hurried manner into her bag, and left the room. Not very

long after, however, Sybella saw her come in at the back gate, and hasten up stairs, whence she soon returned, and sat down to the piano, and began to practise with great diligence. Sybella made no remark about what she saw, as she perceived that Florence did not wish to be questioned, but she felt anxious and unhappy, from the conviction that something was wrong, and an inability to determine what course of conduct it was her duty to pursue. Sometimes she thought of speaking frankly to Florence of her apprehensions, and endeavouring to win her confidence; but the fear that such a course would excite her cousin's jealousy, and give her a dislike to herself, instead of softening her heart and warming her affections, continually deterred her; and to say anything to her grandfather to excite his suspicions, was equally repugnant to her feelings. She could not bear the idea of injuring Florence in his opinion, neither did she think it was likely to be beneficial to her cousin, were she to do so, for anything like strictness from him, had been so invariably denominated severity by Hector, that Florence had learned to view it in the same light, and had only

exhibited a rebellious spirit whenever she perceived it. Besides, what could she allege as the cause of her suspicions? Not the alarm she had got in the night, for that she knew her grandfather was so fully convinced was merely a dream, that he would only laugh at her if she mentioned it. Nor was the circumstance of her having found her despatching a letter, that she had not spoken of intending to write, any more likely to excite his alarm, as the brother and sister were in the habit of corresponding with each other constantly. That she had gone out without saying she was going, and come back without speaking of having been, was not likely to appear to him in a much more serious light, especially, as he was well acquainted with Florence's habits of independence, and her great dislike to everything like subordination.

Three days passed over, in a state of anxious solicitude and restlessness on the part of Sybella, and a sort of haughty indifference, almost amounting to defiance, on that of her cousin, when Mr. Langlands called the former into his study, and desiring her to take a seat opposite to him, he fixed his eye steadily

upon her and said, "A few days ago, Sybella, you asked my permission to give fifty dollars of your own money to your relation Mrs. Stancliff, who you said was labouring under great difficulties. I refused my consent, from a conviction that it would not be any real advantage to the lady, whose habits of extravagance are such, that it would only lead her to calculate on the same assistance another time. That night I was startled with hearing a noise in my study, and on getting up to see the cause, I found you there, which you accounted for, by saying you were seeking for Florence. Your cousin, we afterwards found in bed fast asleep; and I was convinced that you had been dreaming, and had got up in your sleep. The next morning, I found that I had forgotten the evening before, after putting some money by, to take the key out of my desk. I, however, thought no more of the matter till about an hour ago, when I found that a fifty dollar note, which was amongst the money I had put into the desk, was gone. The various circumstances I have mentioned immediately occurred to me, and after thinking it over, as deliberately as my agitation would allow

me, I determined to state my suspicions to you at once. I will not accuse you of stealing, Sybella, because I have no doubt you persuaded yourself, that you were only taking your own money, which you would repay, as soon as you became your own mistress; but the uniform propriety of your conduct ever since you came under my roof, had given me so high an opinion of your good principles and amiable disposition, that it grieves me to the heart, to have any cause to alter my opinion."

"And you need not alter it, dear grandpa," cried Sybella in a voice of strong emotion; "for indeed and indeed, I don't deserve that you should. I told you the truth when I said I was come to seek for Florence; and as for the desk, I assure you, I never touched it."

"Did you not know I had left the key in the desk?" asked Mr. Langlands, his eye still fixed with a scrutinizing gaze on the face of his granddaughter. "I think, if I remember right, I left you and Florence sitting reading here, when I went to bed that evening."

"Yes sir, I knew the key was in, for Florence

and I noticed it before we left the room, but I never thought of it again after," replied the young girl, meeting the eye of her venerable relative with a look of ingenuousness that almost staggered his belief, though it appeared to be founded on such self-evident facts. "I was wakened by a noise that I could not account for, and spoke to Florence, and when she did not answer, I got up intending to shake her, but I found she was not in bed. I was alarmed at the idea of her being in danger, and went to seek for her, and when I first opened the chamber door, I saw a light in the study, but it was put out directly after. I was sure, however, that Florence was there; so I went to her, but as she didn't answer, I thought I would light the lamp on the mantel-piece, and go down stairs to her. On going across the room, I struck my foot against something, which caused me to make the noise that alarmed you."

"And when I came out, we went together almost immediately to your room, and found Florence quietly in bed and sound asleep. All this I knew before, Sybella, and believed it to be the effect of a dream, but the note being missing, has thrown a

different colouring over the whole transaction, and I must say, that the imputation cast upon Florence, adds greatly to the enormity of your fault. I could account for your self-deception with regard to taking the money, and could forgive your disobedience, in persevering in giving it contrary to my wishes, but the attempt to cast suspicion on your cousin, against the evidence of my senses, discovers a frame of mind, of which I little suspected you, and leads me to rejoice that your mother is not alive to see this day." As the old gentleman said this, his voice trembled and the tears stood in his eyes; whilst the poor girl, at his allusion to her mother, sobbed as if her heart would break. "As I sincerely believe, Sybella, that this is your first serious transgression, I shall say no more on the subject, either to yourself or any one else, and leave it to your future conduct to remove the painful impression that now rests on my mind. You are very young, and the character of a girl of twelve years old has yet to be formed, and it shall be my daily prayer, that you may in future so conduct yourself, as to meet your dear mother in heaven!"

“Oh yes,” cried the weeping girl, in an agony of distress, “I will indeed try to meet you, my own darling mamma, in heaven! You made me promise to do so before you died, and never, never, will I forget that promise.” Mr. Langlands, exceedingly affected at this burst of feeling from his granddaughter, left the room, from the fear of being tempted to restore her as usual to his favour, which his judgment told him would be contrary to his double duty as a parent and guardian.

To her sensitive mind, the coldness with which he from that time thought it right to treat the supposed culprit, was far more painful than any severe punishment would have been, for he reminded her continually, by every look and word, that she no longer possessed his esteem and confidence. It was true, she had the support of her own conscious rectitude to sustain her, but the degrading idea that she was suspected of anything so disgraceful as that of stealing, and still more, of trying to throw that disgrace upon an innocent person, was so hard to bear, that she sometimes felt almost overpowered by it, and deprived of almost all her usual energy and

activity. Her lessons were neglected, and when she sat down to the instrument to practise, her fingers soon forgot to move, and she sat in a mournful reverie, grieving over the lost affection of one, whom she had promised her mother ever to love and venerate.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Sybella?" exclaimed Florence one day, on coming into the room and finding her cousin sitting thus dejected. "I declare, one would imagine you were some forsaken damsel mourning over the loss of a faithless lover."

"I am mourning over the loss of love, though not of a lover," said Sybella, her eyes swimming with tears as she spoke.

"What love can you possibly have lost?" asked her cousin; "you who never do anything to offend a human being."

"I have lost grandpa's, for he suspects me of having stolen a fifty dollar note out of his desk the night I got up to seek for you." And as the conscientious girl spoke, a deep blush suffused her cheek, for she was ashamed even to speak of such a suspicion being attached to her.

"I am sure I would never distress myself about that," returned Florence, with an air of great carelessness. "The old gentleman is nearly in his dotage, and I dare say only fancies he had such a note. He would soon forget it if you would not keep him in mind of it, by looking always so woe-begone."

"He shows no signs of any such imbecility," returned Sybella, "and I cannot bear the idea of his entertaining such an opinion of me."

"Oh, allow yourself to laugh and talk as usual, and you will find that the thing will be very soon forgotten;" and as Florence said this, she began to practise a new step, as if nothing was the matter. Though from the moment that she had heard of the note being missing, Sybella had not had a moment's doubt who was the person that had taken it, she now almost persuaded herself that she had been unjust in entertaining such a suspicion; for she could hardly imagine it possible that so much levity could exist under such circumstances. But she did not know how soon the heart becomes callous when it once commences the practice of vice, and how

rapidly the tender buds of virtue, like the blossoms that have been exposed to the cold easterly blasts of spring, become seared and withered under its destructive influence.

But Florence had not made many steps before her attention was attracted by a confused murmur of voices at the front of the house, and going to the window, she saw a number of people, who all seemed pressing forward to get a sight of something near the front door. Being equally curious with the rest, she flew to the door, and opening it, she beheld an object which made its way even to her selfish heart. A number of men were supporting a sort of hurdle, on which lay the apparently lifeless body of her brother, whom she had believed at the time to be many miles off. The alarm throughout the house was soon given, a physician sent for, and all necessary arrangements made for the invalid, who was in time restored to consciousness, but not to the power of utterance; and indeed, had he been able to speak, he would have been forbidden to do so, as he was found to have burst a blood-vessel, and had lost so large a quantity of blood as to have brought his life

into the most imminent peril. Florence,—the same Florence who had seen with so much indifference her amiable cousin drooping in agony under a disgraceful suspicion which she had herself drawn upon her,—now proved incontestably that she had a heart,—a heart, too, capable of pure and holy feelings. What a pity that the seeds of early virtues had not been protected and nourished, when they first began to shoot in her young bosom, that they might have spread their roots, and made that bosom a fertile garden instead of a barren waste, with the exception of this one single verdant spot. She watched over her dying brother with unceasing solicitude, never leaving him day or night, following every glance of his eye, and interpreting with unerring promptness his slightest hint. An experienced nurse had been immediately procured, and Sybella was always anxious to assist her in her labours, but the devoted sister seemed jealous of any one's administering to his wants but herself; and in truth she performed the duties in a manner that would have done honour to a much older person. All her care, however, was vain, and the repeated effusion of blood soon proved that the

victim was destined to sink into an early grave. That he was anxious, if possible, to prolong the boon of life, was evinced by his strict obedience to the commands of his physician to avoid speaking, or using any exertion that was likely to bring on the bleeding; but at length, feeling that his existence was drawing to a close, and his mind, doubtless, during the many hours that he had lain motionless, being led to review his short but vicious career, and to view the realities of life divested of all their false colouring, he broke through all restraints, and asked for his grandfather and cousin. They were soon by his bedside, when he made a full confession of the circumstances which had produced such painful consequences to poor Sybella. As he was, however, only able to speak in very short and unconnected sentences, we will give his explanation to our young readers in our own words. It seemed that his conduct at school had been of the same character as that at home, and he soon involved himself in difficulties, with respect to money, from which he frequently applied to his sister to relieve him. A letter to that purpose had been received the day

previous to the memorable night of which we have spoken ; and having noticed, previous to retiring to bed, that her grandfather had left the key in his desk, the idea occurred to Florence of supplying the deficiencies of her own purse with a little of her relative's. She lay watching anxiously till she was sure that her cousin was sound asleep, when she proceeded to the study, lighted the lamp, and having taken out the fifty dollar note, was about to replace the lamp on the mantel-piece, when she heard their chamber door opened. She immediately blew out the light, but in her fright it fell from her hand, and she durst not stay to pick it up, but hastened down the back stairs, exactly as Sybella had conjectured. It need hardly be explained that it was this lamp Sybella had put her foot upon. Florence despatched the money the next day to her brother, in the manner that Sybella had noticed ; but the unhappy boy, so far from being benefited by so much larger a supply than he had calculated upon, had made his teacher believe that his grandfather wished him to pay them a visit, and had then proceeded to spend his money in company with some of his worthless

acquaintances, who lived only a few miles from Mr. Langlands' residence. The rupture of a blood-vessel, which was now terminating his career of vice, had been occasioned by a fall from a horse, when on his way to the house of an acquaintance, a short distance from his grandfather's, whither he intended to send for Florence, whom he wished to see before his return to school. After giving as much of this explanation as he was able, the dying boy turned his eyes wistfully upon his sister, and, uttering, in a faint but distinct voice the words, "Be good!" he immediately expired.

For a long time, Florence was inconsolable, for she had loved her brother ardently, which, but for the errors that it often led her into, would have been a redeeming trait in her character; for we can never wholly despair of any one who is capable of the holy feeling of love. As time, however, began to wear down the keen edges of grief, and an occasional smile was seen to irradiate her beautiful face, Sybella noticed with extreme regret, that the same coldness of manner which had been so deeply wounding to her own feelings, was perceptible in

the looks and manner of her grandfather, towards her cousin, whilst to herself he was all kindness. To her, it had been one of the severest punishments that could have been inflicted ; but the young girl's judgment was sufficiently ripened, to see that, with such a disposition as Florence's, it would have a very contrary effect. Her cousin was too proud and cold to feel the tacit reproof as she herself had done, and she was convinced that, if she was to be won to virtue and amiability, it must be by affectionate encouragement, and not by reproof. "Different constitutions when diseased, call for different kinds of medicine," argued the generous girl within herself, "and some dispositions require one kind of treatment and some another, and I must endeavour to convince grandpa, that severity will only harden Florence's heart, and lock it up in her own bosom." We fear that many, much older than Sybella, would have said, "It is too good for her. She deserves to have some of the pain she so unfeelingly exposed me to." But she, on the contrary, watched an opportunity, when her cousin was out

of the way, and her grandfather was seated in the large old hall, reading the Bible, and laying her arm across the book, she looked up in his face with an expression of the tenderest entreaty, and said, "Grandpa, I want to beg a favour of you."

"What is it, my child?" inquired the old gentleman in the gentlest and most affectionate tone, and putting his arm over the neck of his granddaughter as he spoke; "I think I can almost venture before I hear it, to say it is granted; for there is scarcely anything I would not do, to make up for what I have made you suffer."

"Well, then, grandpa, will you be kind to Florence, and never seem to remember that she has done anything amiss?"

"And can you, Sybella, make this request; you who have suffered so severely from her unprincipled conduct?"

"I love Florence exceedingly, grandpa, and wish, of all things, to see her as good as she is beautiful; but I am sure she will never be made so by being treated with coldness or severity."

“But ought we not to punish those who have done wrong, Sybella?”

“Not always,” replied the young girl, her face kindling with animation, till it almost looked beautiful; “if severity would harden them, ought we not rather to try and soften them with kindness?”

“And can you thus forgive your cousin, for the shameful cruelty with which she acted towards you, besides the many times that I know she has treated you unkindly?”

“How often grandpa, did Jesus tell Peter he must forgive his brother? Wasn’t it till seventy times seven?”

“True, my dear,” replied Mr. Langlands, his fine countenance beaming with benevolence and affection. “But you know, we are also told, that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.”

“I know that; and if Florence had not been conscious that she had done wrong, it would be right for you to tell her. But she knows it very well, and you may depend upon it, you will be more likely to succeed, if you try to coax her to virtue, than if you endeavour to chastise her away from vice.”

“Perhaps you are right; at all events, it is the pleasanter course, and I shall have a pleasure in adopting it, as a mark of my respect for you.”

If our young readers wish to know how far Sybella's plan was successful, we can only say, that her brother's dying admonition, together with the kindness of her cousin and grandfather, made a considerable impression on the young girl's mind; but her faults had taken too deep a root ever to be totally eradicated, and though admired for her beauty and talents, Florence was always too cold and selfish to be beloved; whilst, on the contrary, the gentle, amiable, and loving Sybella, without either striking beauty or brilliant talent, was the delight of all who knew her, and her sweet face was recalled to remembrance, when the brighter beauty of her cousin was forgotten.





Rossiter

Sartain

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

"FRED, my boy," said Mrs. Waldgrave, as she entered the room in which her son, a boy about twelve years old, was seated, "have you learnt your Latin grammar?"

"No, mother, not yet."

"And why haven't you?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Why, because."

"That is the answer you gave me before, but is not a reason."

"Well, because," said the boy, smiling, "I don't want to do it, at present. I'm not in the humour for it, just now."

"What are you doing at present?"

"I'm touching up a view that I took yesterday from the back porch."

"You might as well have said, my boy, that you were playing, which you liked much better than attending to your duty."

"No indeed, mother, I'm not playing," replied the boy earnestly; "I am trying very hard to improve myself in drawing, and to learn to be a great artist. That would not be playing, would it?"

"To become a great artist, would be no child's play, certainly. But are you aware, Fred, how much is necessary before you can become one?"

"Oh, I know I shall have to take a great deal of pains to learn to draw, and to understand the management of light and shade, and all those sort of things. But it would be my delight to study them; I never could get tired of such work!"

"Don't deceive yourself, my boy. You think so at present, because you have never, hitherto, done anything in the way of drawing but as an amusement. But wait till your work is criticised by some one who understands the art, and that which you imagined was excellent is proved to be defective in almost every particular, and then see whether

you will not get tired of the labour of touching and retouching."

"I'm sure I never should," returned Fred, earnestly, "and I only wish, ma, that instead of sending me to study that stupid Greek and Latin, and algebra, and natural philosophy, and such things, you would let me go to Mr. ——'s drawing school, and then see whether I would not soon become a great artist."

"Do you imagine you could ever arrive at much excellence, with an uninformed mind?" asked Mrs. Waldgrave.

"I don't see what the stupid things I have to study at school, can have to do with the work of an artist," said Fred. "He has only to look at things, and copy them as he sees them in nature, and then I suppose he is pretty sure to be right."

"The power of copying, even though nature be the model, is only a very inferior branch of the art," returned his mother; "yet even in that, a knowledge of the mathematics, and many of the principles of natural philosophy, is essential. But to be a great artist, it is necessary to have a cultivated taste

and a refined and enlightened mind, to enable you to conceive and combine, with justness and propriety, for that alone can make a great artist."

"Do you think, mother," asked the boy, with a look that seemed to say, he had found a refutation of his parent's assertion, "that all the great artists we hear of understood Greek and Latin? You know, Martin was at first only a painter of porcelain, and Wilkie was the son of a poor Scotch peasant, and when he was only four years old, and a lady who had a very large nose, happened to call at his father's house, 'wee Davie,' as they called him, was very busy all the time she was there, and after she was gone, and his father looked to see what he had been doing, he found he had been drawing likenesses of the lady's nose. I suppose, mother," continued Fred, after having had a hearty laugh at the thought of the manner "wee Davie" had been employing himself, "his grandfather must have been of your way of thinking, for when he looked at the noses, he shook his head, and said, 'Ah, Davie, my man, I'm afraid these things 'll never do you any good!' And then again, you know, ma, when he

went to church, he used to take a piece of burnt stick, that he might draw likenesses of the sexton's queer face, as he sat nodding all the time the minister was preaching. By these means, he brought himself into notice, and we are very sure it must have been done without the aid of either Greek, Latin, or mathematics ;” and the boy said this in an exulting tone, as if he had settled the question beyond dispute.

“All this is very true, Fred,” replied Mrs. Waldgrave, smiling at her son's self-satisfaction ; “but it does not in the least affect my argument, for if you follow Wilkie's fortunes a little further, you will soon see that he prosecuted his education with avidity, and though I will not pretend to assert that he was a classical scholar, (though I am inclined to think he was,) I am very sure he was a man of a highly cultivated mind, and very extensive knowledge. And the same may be said of all the artists, whether ancient or modern, who have distinguished themselves by the originality and brilliancy of their genius. But independent of all this, the studies you are pursuing, my dear Fred, are of great im-

portance to you, as a means of correcting a defect in your disposition, which, if not overcome, will completely prevent your arriving at excellence of any kind."

"What is that, mother?" asked the boy with considerable anxiety.

"A want of perseverance and resolution to overcome difficulties," answered his excellent mother.

"That is only when I am engaged in some dull, stupid studies. When I have work that interests me, I can persevere as well as anybody."

"That is exactly what I say; you want determination and perseverance to overcome difficulties; and no one requires these things more than an artist."

"How so? How can that be, mother?"

"Because no one is more exposed to severe criticism than artists are; for every one thinks himself at liberty to remark upon their defects."

"Well, but such remarks would only give me an opportunity of correcting my faults and sooner overcoming them."

"When I looked over your composition the other day and pointed out the mistakes, what did you

do?" Fred hung down his head in silence. "Did you not," continued his mother, "tear it up in a passion, and throw it into the fire?"

"Because," said Fred, the flush of whose cheek proved that he was ashamed of his fault even at the time he attempted to extenuate it; "because I had taken a great deal of pains with it, more than I ever took in my life with any composition, and I was so vexed to find it so full of mistakes, after all."

"And if Mr. S—— were to come in at this moment, and examine the sketch that you have been working at all this morning, do you think he would not be able to point out as many defects in it as I did in your composition?"

"Yes, I am sure he would."

"And what would be the consequence? Would you get into a passion and tear it up?"

"Oh no, I would be obliged to him for his remarks, and try to correct my picture by them."

"And do you think your mother less deserving of respect?" asked Mrs. Waldgrave, looking at her son with affectionate seriousness.

"Oh no! dear mother," said Fred, earnestly;

“don’t think it would be from any want of respect to you ; it would only be because the one was more interesting to me than the other.”

“Then can you not, my boy, give me credit for knowing what is good for you, when I assure you it is of the utmost importance to you as a man, a gentleman, and an artist, that you prosecute your studies with diligence, and thus not only lay up a store of valuable knowledge, but at the same time acquire the habit of applying yourself to that which is useful, without always requiring that it should likewise be amusing.”

“I will, mother, indeed I will,” cried the young artist with energy ; “you shall see how diligent I will be ; and if I do not learn to like my studies for their own sake, I shall, I am sure, at least take pleasure in them as a means of giving pleasure to you.”

“Well said, Fred !” exclaimed a voice which always sounded like music in the boy’s ears, for it was that of Mr. S——, whose fame as an artist, kindness as a friend, and politeness as a gentleman, had always gained the boy’s warmest respect and admiration.

“I have done,” continued the gentleman, “what at first sight might have the appearance of meanness, for I have been acting the part of a listener, though I hope my familiarity in the family will serve as my apology. Finding the front door open, I came into the entry, without ringing the bell, and happening to hear some of the conversation between your mother and you, I thought it a pity to interrupt what was likely to be of so much service to you, and therefore determined to remain a listener till I had found your excellent mother had made the impression I was sure she could not fail to do; and at last had the satisfaction of hearing that she had succeeded. I now have double pleasure in telling you the errand that has brought me here this morning. Having obtained permission to take you to see Steinhäuser’s exquisite piece of statuary of Hero and Leander, which has just arrived, I came now for that purpose; but as my wish is not merely to gratify your taste, but to assist your excellent mother in her views for your general improvement, I leave it to her to determine when you shall receive this treat, for a treat I assure you it will be, of a

higher description than anything you have ever yet experienced." Fred's eyes, as Mr. S—— spoke, beamed with delight, and when he paused, they turned to the face of his mother with a look of anxious inquiry; but the next moment, and before she had time to reply, the noble boy said, with a beautiful and ingenuous smile, "I believe I had better pronounce my own sentence, for I am very sure that mother will be more indulgent than I deserve; I think, therefore, sir, that as neither Hero nor Leander are very likely to run away, you must not take me to see them till I have deserved the treat by attending to my studies with as much diligence as I do to my drawing."

"As your father, when he went to fight our battles for us in Mexico, left me as joint guardian with your excellent mother over you and our sweet little Ellie," replied Mr. S——, "I should not be doing my duty, Fred, were I to say a word to shake that noble resolution, and shall therefore wait till you tell me you think you have a right to go."

"How long a trial do you think I ought to have, ma?" asked the boy, fixing his eyes upon his mother's face with a look of great anxiety.

“That I will leave entirely to yourself, my son,” answered his excellent parent. “I hope and believe you are convinced now, that as an artist merely, a well-informed mind is essential to your advancement; and as you are well aware that there is no royal road to knowledge, I hope there is not much more requisite to induce you to make use of the excellent opportunities you possess of becoming all that your friends desire to see you, and that your excellent talents will enable you to make yourself.”

“It will be a pretty hard struggle,” said the youthful artist, as he seemed to review, inwardly, what he was about to undertake; “for I shall not only have to force myself to what I have n’t much taste for, but I must constantly struggle against that to which inclination is always drawing me. However, what must be done, must be done, and I am determined.” Then turning to Mr. S——, he said, with a firm, resolute tone, “I will not go to see Hero and Leander till I have succeeded in getting head of my classes, and can say that I have not got into a passion when my mistakes were pointed out to me?”

“So be it,” returned Mr. S——; “and from this moment I will never make any inquiries respecting your progress, but will wait till you give me notice that you are ready.”

None but those who know what it is to give up, not only a favourite, but a perfectly fascinating pursuit, and to pore day after day over studies that present but little interest to the mind, can form an idea of the self-denial which our young hero had to exercise. He had hitherto construed his Greek and Latin, solved, or rather endeavoured to solve his problems, and answered the questions put to him in other studies almost mechanically, for his mind was continually dwelling upon the ideal pictures that were floating in his imagination; and the moment he was released from these more abstruse pursuits, they had been totally dismissed as having no part in his duties, and his pencil was taken up with an avidity that the temporary deprivation had increased to an almost sickly longing. Now, however, he resolved (and Fred had a mind that was capable of great resolves) that his pencil should never be

touched till all his lessons were fully and completely prepared, and if he lost a place in any of his classes, he enjoined it on himself as a deserved punishment, that the pencil should not be taken up that day. To a boy of his quickness and talent this would have deprived him of but a small portion of his enjoyment, had he hitherto been in the habit of exercising even a moderate share of application, but as it was, boys his juniors in age, and very much his inferiors in capacity, far outstript him in acquirements, and he had frequently the mortification of seeing those take place of him whom he was well assured a very small degree of study would have enabled him to leave far behind. This, yielding up his mind to one absorbing pursuit gave him but little concern; but no sooner was he impressed with the idea that even that one passion was in a great degree dependent on the studies which he had hitherto neglected, than their importance rose in proportion in his estimation, and he determined that everything should in future be subordinate to the cultivation of his mind. Frederick, though a boy of great talent, was yet only

twelve years old, besides which he had unfortunately laboured under the disadvantage of having a father, whom in many respects he but too closely resembled, and whose versatile and wavering disposition served only to encourage him in his contempt for all studious application. That father, however, consistently with the lightness and frivolity of his mind, had, at the commencement of the Mexican war, placed himself at the head of a company, and proceeded to fight for a feather, leaving a beautiful young wife to watch over the education of a son that was just entering upon a period of life when of all others, a father's watchful care was most needed. But faithfully did she perform the task assigned to her, and the care of her boy, and of a lovely infant that had not entered the world till after its father had left home, engrossed all her attention, and seemed to share her existence between them. She had often before tried to rouse her son to a sense of the necessity of greater application to his studies, but never, till the morning on which we have introduced them to our readers, had she succeeded in touching the string which vibrated on his heart. This, how-

ever, being accomplished, she resolved to leave the rest to himself, for she knew him to be a good and conscientious boy, and whatever he had engaged to do he would accomplish, however much it might cost him. It is true that it often gave her pain to see his distressed and perplexed countenance whilst poring over his Greek roots or Latin rules, but she knew that though the price was a dear one, he was practising a lesson of application and self-control that would benefit him through the rest of his life. She forbore, therefore, to make any remark, though not the slightest effort escaped her. Her eye, like the ever-watchful eye of Providence, saw all, and noted that it was good.

Several weeks elapsed, but though Mr. S. frequently visited them, Fred never gave the slightest hint about Hero and Leander. One day when that gentleman was there, another artist happened also to be present, and the conversation chanced to turn upon this beautiful piece of statuary. Fred sat drinking in, with the utmost intensity, all the criticisms that were made. At length, the gentleman, happening to turn his eye upon him, and being struck with the

extreme interest which his countenance expressed, asked him if he had seen the piece.

"No, sir," replied our hero, whilst his face became suffused with a deep blush.

"You seem so much interested in the subject, that I should be glad to take you to see it," added the gentleman.

"Thank you, sir," replied Fred, still blushing exceedingly, "but Mr. S. has already promised to take me."

"Well, suppose then you join our party to-morrow. Mr. S. and I have just made an appointment to meet there, and we can then both have the pleasure of witnessing the effect it produces on you."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," returned Fred, exceedingly embarrassed; "but I cannot go to-morrow."

"Why not?" persevered the importunate artist.

"Fred has a special engagement to-morrow, I know," said Mr. S., kindly interfering to relieve the boy's embarrassment; "but it will not be long before he goes to pay his devotions at the shrine of Steinhauser's genius."

“ Well then, remember, S., when you take him you must let me know, and I will be sure to be there. It will be no mean treat, to witness the first introduction of one, so alive to the subject, to such a master-piece.” Mr. S. gave the required promise, and the subject was dropped. But it did not thus pass away from the boy’s mind. On the contrary, it rested there, and served to spur him on to renewed exertions.

One day Fred’s teacher gave notice that he would expect, on the following Friday, a Latin thesis from each of the boys of our hero’s class. This was always an arduous business to Fred, for he had never taken pains to impress the rules of grammar on his mind, so as to enable him to call them up whenever required, and had frequently to spend the time in hunting for them, which ought to have been devoted to the subject on which he was writing. The labour thus incurred, put his resolution to a severe test, but he was determined not to yield, and day after day, as soon as his other lessons were studied, instead of going as usual to his pencil, he took up his composition, and revised and re-wrote it

over and over again. Nay, so completely had it taken possession of his mind, and so resolved was he to finish it, in such a manner as to secure his rising, at least, a step or two in his class, that on the Thursday night, after being in bed some time, he rose again, and lighting his lamp, commenced with renewed earnestness another revisal and re-writing, working at it till all the family had been long sunk in repose, and he himself had become so overpowered with sleep, that he was several times startled, by the dropping of the pen from his hand, and his head coming in contact with the table. It was finished, however, at last, to his satisfaction and laid on the Friday morning with the productions of the rest of the class, on the teacher's desk, for examination at a future period.

"I am anxious, and yet almost afraid, to know the fate of my thesis," said he on the Monday morning, as he sat at breakfast with his mother.

"Whatever may be its fate, you will have the satisfaction, Fred, of knowing that you have tried your best, and spared no labour, in finishing it off."

“There is one very smart and very diligent boy below me, Ned Glenthal. He had to go to the foot of his class on account of absence, but has kept creeping up a step or two, every day since he came back. If I can but keep him from getting above me, I shall be satisfied, for I think before very long, I can manage to take place of all the rest in this class, as I have done in all the others.”

“Still, if Glenthal should get up I hope you will not allow yourself to be discouraged,” said his anxious parent.

“There is one comfort,” said Fred, who seemed to be calling together all the subjects of consolation which in such a case he knew he would so much require: “I shall be better able to enter into another competition than I was when I commenced this, for I have learnt a great deal by poring over the grammar as I have done for this composition, and I am determined what I have now gained shall stay by me.”

“You have found then the reward of industry,” remarked the mother, as she looked at her boy with a sweet and cordial smile. At this moment the

room door opened, and a son of Dr. W——, Fred's teacher, entered.

"Why, Hal! what has brought you here so early this morning?" exclaimed our hero with surprise.

"I am come," returned the boy, "to say that father was taken suddenly sick last night, and will not be able to attend school to-day." Fred joined his mother in sincere expressions of regret at the indisposition of his teacher, to whom he was much attached, and then ventured to ask young W—— if he knew whether his father had examined the compositions yet. "Yes, he had read them on the Saturday afternoon," was the reply.

"Do you know how I stand?" asked Fred, and his heart fluttered as he spoke.

"You have only lost two places," answered the boy.

"*Only* lost two!" repeated Fred, strongly emphasizing the first word; "and pray who have got above me? Glenthal for one, I suppose."

"Glenthal and Wilcox."

"Wilcox!" exclaimed our hero, while the colour rushed to his face, and his eyes almost flashed fire.

“If that poor plodding drone has got above me it is of no use for me to try any longer. I wish I had the thesis here, that I might stuff it into the fire, and give the whole thing up at once. I will take my place at the foot of the class when I go back to school, and stay there;” but as he uttered these words, the eyes of the boy fell upon his mother’s face, and he beheld there such an expression of deep concern, that in a moment his fiery passion forsook him, and with a sweet and gentle smile he said,—
“But it is folly for me to be vexed because Wilcox has got above me. I called him a plodder, and his very plodding is the thing that has given him the advantage. I will therefore turn a plodder, too, and then I think he will not long keep his advantage over me.” Had Fred sought for an immediate reward for this victory over himself, he would have found it abundantly in the change in his mother’s feelings, which her expressive countenance bespoke as plainly as any words could do; and he was still more gratified when he heard young W—— say, “Father told me there was no doubt that yours was the best composition in the class, taken merely as a

composition, but as he had said that the places should be taken according to the grammatical mistakes, you must be obliged to go down."

"Down, down;" said Fred in a cheerful voice, "well, never mind, it shall be up, up, before long. You shall see, Hal, how I will plod over my Latin grammar. Mother used to say I liked to read but not to spell, I liked to do sums but not to learn tables, and I liked to construe Latin but not to learn the rules; but I now find that those who wish to arrive at excellence must submit at first to drudge." After Henry W—— had taken leave, a bright halo seemed to surround the face of our young and ardent hero. Perhaps it was a reflection from his mother's beautiful countenance, as she told him he had made her feel happier than she had done for many years, for though he had sunk in his class, he had risen in her esteem and approbation in a manner that she had not dared to hope. She then proposed, as a reward for a victory which she said she considered more honourable than any General Taylor ever won, that he should devote this accidental holiday to the exercise of his pencil. The delighted boy considered

for a while whether he could afford himself such a treat, but recollecting that his lessons were already prepared, and that a revising of them in the evening would be sufficient, he took his paper and pencil, and going to the porch, where his mother, with the little Ellie on her lap, was already seated, he placed himself on a step in front of her, and commenced the delightful task of completing the view which had so strongly seized upon his youthful fancy. The distant scenery (for their residence was a short way in the country) was undoubtedly beautiful; but to those who love to contemplate human nature, the home view was infinitely more interesting, for who could behold with indifference that lovely woman, who had not yet lost any of her youthful charms, seated with a countenance of thoughtful but pensive contemplation, which was uninterrupted even by the playful child that kicked and fondled on her lap. The bright gleam that had shone on her face when she saw her boy struggling nobly against the same unhappy weakness that had been the bane of his father's existence, had gradually given way to a more thoughtful expression, as her

mind reverted to the trials she had had to undergo in consequence of the errors of her husband. Mr. Waldgrave had commenced life with all the advantages of family, fortune, and talents, and had very early become united to a beautiful, intelligent, and amiable woman. But all these favourable circumstances had failed to make him respectable, from his unfortunate want of perseverance in any valuable pursuit, and his inability to resist temptation. This weakness had gradually undermined every better quality, and his excellent wife, though long devotedly attached to him, had, at length, while yet in the bloom of life, been brought to rejoice in his determination to follow the army to Mexico, as it removed his baneful example from the son, whom she saw invested with all his father's talents, but whom she was most anxious to save from inheriting that unhappy parent's vices. She had lost several children between her first-born and the lovely infant that had not seen the light till after its father's departure; and which seemed to have been sent to win its mother's heart from sorrow and anxiety; but even its sweet and playful caresses, the encouraging

smiles of her many friends, nay, even the soothing consciousness of her own rectitude and virtue, had failed to shed so bright a beam over her fine face as the noble moral victory which her darling son had that morning gained over his wayward passions. But sweet and interesting as is the picture of mother and son and the little playful infant presented to our view, we must withdraw from it and proceed with our little narrative.

Fred proceeded to school the following morning with vigour and animation, and met the boys that had superseded him in his class with a frank, good-natured, and cheerful countenance. Wilcox, whose plodding qualities the young artist had hitherto contemplated, with a feeling almost bordering on contempt, was surprised, on meeting him, to see Fred hold out his hand in a friendly and cordial manner. "You have got above me, I find," said the latter; "in Latin composition, but you needn't expect to stay there; I will have you down the next time, or my name's not Frederick Waldgrave."

"If the doctor continues to go by the grammatical mistakes, I'm not afraid of you," replied his oppo-

ment, "but let the sense of the thing be taken as the rule, and then I'm a gone coon."

"I'm not afraid of him for either the one or the other," said Ned Glenthal, who had joined them in time to hear Wilcox's modest reply, but who, though he was, as Fred had declared, both a talented and diligent boy, was not without a considerable share of self-conceit; "I am above him now, and I defy him to bring me down!"

"You had better not be too self-confident," returned our hero, struggling with his temper, to avoid making an ill-natured retort; "for I intend in future to be as bright as Glenthal, and as persevering as Wilcox."

"Then I am sure, we shall none of us have any chance with you," said the modest, industrious Wilcox; "you are the smartest boy in the school, when you have a mind to work, and if you are going to be the most industrious too, you will carry all before you."

"I should like to see him try," retorted Glenthal contemptuously, as he swung himself on his heel and joined another group of boys. The manner in

which Glenthal had spoken, and the good humour with which Fred had heard him, raised a strong party spirit in our hero's favour; for, a small matter is sufficient, at any time, to excite a party feeling amongst a set of schoolboys. Fred, however, discovered no inclination to encourage the testimonials that were, from time to time, given in his favour through the course of the day, and, indeed, thought so little about them, that he did not consider it worth while to mention to his mother anything that had passed between him and his schoolmates. Perhaps it might be owing to his having another subject, still nearer his heart, about which he wished to consult her; for, as soon as he got home, he went to her and said, whilst a modest tinge overspread his cheek; "Do you think, mother, I might venture to show the drawing I finished yesterday, to Mr. S.?"

"Certainly, my dear, you couldn't do better. It would gratify him to receive such a mark of your confidence, and his remarks couldn't fail to be of great service to yourself."

"I see a great many defects in it myself, already,

but, as he will, no doubt, point out a great many more, I could, perhaps, correct them all at once."

Whilst Fred was yet speaking, a servant came into the room, to say, that Lewis Wilcox wished to speak to him. Wondering; what could have brought his schoolmate, in such haste, after him, Fred put his drawing, which he had already taken out of his desk, on a chair near him, and hastened out of the room. It proved, that Wilcox had come to bring Fred the news, that almost all the boys in the class, had joined in requesting Dr. W. to give orders for a composition to be written, which was to be judged of by its general merits, and not merely by its grammatical accuracy, and places to be taken in the class accordingly. This, the doctor had agreed to, only stipulating, that three gentlemen who had no connexion with the establishment, should be the judges of the merits of the compositions; and by way of preventing any suspicion of partiality, each writer was to sign a feigned name, and, at the same time, give in a sealed paper, containing the assumed and real name of the author, which was to be held by Doctor W., till the decision

was made. "Ned Glenthal," continued Lewis, "tried very hard to persuade the doctor, to make next Friday the day of trial; but, we all opposed him, and Dr. W. said, as he did not wish it to be a take-in, but a trial of real merit, he would not have it to take place till the regular composition day, and as that isn't till the last Friday in the month, you have plenty of time before you, and I hope, Fred, you will beat Glenthal, for we all want to see him down."

"I don't want to see him down; but, I want to see myself up," said Fred smiling; "but have you heard what subject we are to write upon?"

"The subject is to be patience," replied Lewis, "and I am sure, Fred, if you can write only half as well as you practised it, this morning, you will be certain to get up."

Wilcox now took leave, and our hero hastened back to the parlour, to explain to his mother what he had not, before, thought it worth while to speak about. He met her in the entry, coming down stairs.

"Where's Ellie, mother?" asked he; for, she was

so constant a companion of her mother's, that he wondered at seeing his parent without her:

"I left her sitting on the carpet, playing with her toys," answered Mrs. Waldgrave, as she entered the parlour. But the moment Fred, who followed immediately after his mother, cast his eyes towards his sister, he gave a sort of scream and rushed forward, but it was too late to prevent the mischief. The child being near a chair, had raised herself up by it, and having laid hold of her brother's drawing, had very industriously torn it into small pieces. Fred stood, perfectly pale with emotion, for some minutes; and his mother saw the conflict that was passing within. She watched him with extreme anxiety; but, being determined to leave it entirely to himself, she did not say a word. At length the victory was gained; and the noble boy, stooping down, took the infant kindly in his arms; saying, as he did so, "Ah! Ellie, Ellie, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" This victory over himself, which, considering all the circumstances, she felt to be worthy of that of the great Newton himself, whose language he had imitated, was so much more than

she had dared to hope for, that, overcome by her feelings she burst into tears. "Kiss ma, Ellie," said the amiable boy, as he placed the infant in his mother's arms, "and tell her, brother is only preparing the composition, he has to write, next month."

The succeeding month was one of close and earnest application to our young favourite; neither was it unaccompanied by frequent and severe trials of temper, for Glenthal, who, we are sorry to say, was far from being as amiable as he was talented, chose to assume the position of a rival, and as a consequence, with him, that of an enemy. Fred, however, who had risen victorious over the destruction of a picture, on which he had long and earnestly laboured, was not likely to give way under the little petulancies of a schoolboy. He frequently reminded Glenthal, in the gentlest manner, that he had had no hand in the arrangements, which had been made respecting their compositions, and though he should certainly strive his utmost to excel, he would not be a bit the less a friend of the more successful candidate, if he were beaten. But, where jealousy is allowed to

creep in, it is in vain to expect reason or generosity to abide; and Fred, at length, felt that his only plan was not to see the affronts that were offered, or even to seem to suspect that they were intended.

The important day, at length, arrived, and Fred saw by his mother's looks, that she was even more anxious than himself. "Though I may not succeed," said he, as they once more discussed the interesting subject at the breakfast table, and he was desirous of diverting his parent's mind, from the feeling of anxious suspense under which he saw her labouring; "I shall still be a great gainer by this month's study; for, I have now in a great measure overcome the drudgery of learning, and have, besides, acquired such a habit of application, that it is now no trouble to me." The mother's countenance expressed her satisfaction at hearing him thus express himself, and the ardent boy hastened to school to learn the fate of his composition.

The three gentlemen who had been appointed judges did not come till afternoon, when, receiving the various papers, they retired to an apartment adjoining Dr. W's. school-room, to read them over. All seemed

to agree that the contest lay between Glenthal and Waldgrave; and, though all appeared to unite in wishing the latter to be the successful candidate, they were no less unanimous, in believing it would prove to be the former. Glenthal sat with a proud and sullen frown upon his countenance, and went through his lessons, as if he had sustained some injury. Not so our hero. He had schooled his mind into the belief that, whatever might be the decision of the judges, he, as he had told his mother in the morning, would still be a gainer. It is true, that as he contemplated the possibility of the award being given in his favour, and thought of the pleasure he would have in telling Mr. S. that he was now ready to go with him to see Hero and Leander, his pulse beat quicker, and his heart swelled with fuller and deeper throbbings; still, his countenance was serene, and he spoke and looked like one who could bear disappointment, though he would rejoice most heartily in success. At length the door opened, and the judges came forward. "Here are two compositions, upon the merits of which we are unable to determine," said one of them; "the one belongs to Hero, the other to Hercules."

“Let me determine,” cried Fred, rising in the ardour of his feelings, and speaking with a clear and distinct voice; “Glenthal is the Hercules, and he deserves it better than I do, for my industry is only like a shooting meteor, but his is the regular and useful light of the polar star; as far, therefore, as uniform diligence is preferable to a sudden spirit of industry, is he more deserving of reward than I am.”

“That all sounds very well, Waldgrave,” said Dr. W—— smiling; “but I am afraid it is not very sound reasoning, for any one who has known how difficult it is to overcome one bad habit (and I believe there are few who haven’t experienced it), must be sensible of the merit of him who has conquered many. Our present difficulty, however, is merely of a literary nature, and not a question of morality. I propose, therefore, as Glenthal is already above you, that he should go head, and you take your place by his side.” As an answer to this proposition Fred tried to raise a clap of approbation, but all was still and silent, and a general expression of dissatisfaction prevailed. “My proposal doesn’t seem to be approved of,” continued the doctor, “and

I should like to hear if any one has a better to suggest. Wilcox you look as if you wished to say something,—let us hear what it is. Speak out, man, for I never yet heard you say anything of which you need to be ashamed.”

“I would propose, sir, that Glenthal should be considered head of the class, and Waldgrave second; but that we should all join and purchase a medal of merit to be given to Frederick Waldgrave as a token of the respect and admiration of his classmates.” This was followed by loud and enthusiastic clappings, and our hero withdrew amidst the unanimous plaudits of his companions.

On his arrival at home he found Mr. S——, and the artist to whom we have before alluded, sitting contemplating a picture, which, on looking at it, Fred saw to his surprise was his own drawing. He cast a look of wonder and inquiry at his mother, who immediately understood and answered him. “I was anxious to give you some decided mark of my approbation, my dear boy,” said she; “and thought I could not do it better than by restoring your lost picture. I therefore carefully preserved

all the scraps, and have employed myself to-day in joining them, after which I sent for Mr. S——, to show him *your* creation and *my* re-creation.”

“It was very kind of you, mother,” replied Fred; “but I am almost sorry you have done it, for I think I could now make a better.”

“I have no doubt you could do so,” said Mr. S——; “but I would advise you to take good care of this, nevertheless, for when you are the great artist which I predict you will some day become, this picture will be very valuable, as a proof of the early development of your genius.”

“And if the circumstances attending it are known,” said his proud mother; “it will tell a still more honourable tale, by proving him the hero of a victory which even the sage philosopher might be proud of.”

“And now, S——,” said the artist who had stood by, admiring the boy’s modest but glowing countenance; “let us hasten to the shrine of Steinhauser’s genius, for I long to introduce the great master to our young artist.”





Richards

Sutton

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE TWO PETS.

SWEET was that long bright summer day,
When Eva, with her shaggy guide,
In search of wild flowers, far away
Roamed through the fields, and meadow wide,

Wherever Rover's footsteps led,
His little tottering mistress trod,
Down by the streamlet's gravelly bed,
Or o'er the green lane's velvet sod.

And when at times, with playful glee,
She'd kneel and prattle to her guide,
What dog was half so proud as he,
With his young mistress by his side.

How sweet the picture thus displayed,
What charms surround the lovely pair,

The blossoms doomed so soon to fade,
Cast on the ground and withering there.

And she, with chubby, open face,
And eyes so full, so clear and bright,
Bespeaking every embryo grace
Which future years shall bring to light.

And by her side her graceful friend,
Seeming to list to all she says,
Ready alike or to defend,
Or join in all her frolic plays.

But now a bird with plumage blue
From post to post before her flies,
Up then she starts, and to pursue
The fluttering phantom, onward hies.

But vain, alas ! the fruitless chase,
Like other pleasures soon 'tis past,
Of bird or home she sees no trace
As round her anxious eyes are cast.

For now, where road with meadow joins,
Where grass unites with tufted moss,

Behold, the full orb'd sun declines,
And deep the run, they have to cross.

Vain now the flowers, the faded things,
Or bird, that lured her feet to roam,
To her mute guide, she fondly clings,
And asks him oft, to lead her home.

And quickly, he could thither fly,
Did self alone, demand his care,
But his young charge he lingers nigh,
Nor comprehends her lisping prayer.

Her infant strength now overcome,
She totters, weary and alone ;
Her cheeks, have lost their wonted bloom
And her sweet voice, its frolic tone.

And craving hunger, loud demands
The food that's nowhere to be found ;
Round Rover's neck she clasps her hands,
And with him, sinks upon the ground.

Gone now the sun's bright golden dyes,
And dim becomes the sky's wide dome ;

“ Oh mother !” oft she lisping cries,
“ Oh, Rover, take me—take me home !”

But all in vain, with swelling breast
She looks around for some relief,
And though by Rover still caressed,
“ Mother !” she calls, with bursting grief.

That mother’s feelings who can tell,
What pen her anguish can declare,
The sighs the father’s breast that swell,
The sister’s, brother’s anxious care.

All is distraction and alarm,
Sweet Eva’s nowhere to be found ;
Each prays that she is safe from harm,
Whilst each is wrapt in grief profound.

At length some leading trace they see,
Her ’kerchief hangs upon the hedge,
Her bonnet lies beneath a tree,
Her foot-prints mark the water’s edge.

And now the track’d and tangled grass
Allures the mother’s tear-dimmed eyes,

She stops, afraid too quick to pass,
Till joyfully their forms she spies.

There, stretched at length, is Eva's guide,
With anxious looks a watch to keep;
Her head upon his shaggy side,
Her little eyes fast closed in sleep.

One moment there, with lips apart,
Enchanted with the lovely sight
The mother stood, then to her heart
She caught her child with wild delight.





